

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth

Which is most important ?

*THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY
dignity of the Prime Minister ?*

YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

By Lady Houston, D.B.E.

LONDONERS,

YOU are Citizens of no mean
City and yet—the London
we love and are so proud of—
is the only Capital without any
Defence against an invasion
from the Air !

DO you realise what this
means ?

IT means that your homes and
your children could be de-
stroyed in a few hours.

ARE you content—IN ORDER
TO PLEASE THE PRIME
MINISTER—to remain in this
deadly peril ?

THE finest machines and
bravest airmen are eagerly
waiting to be employed to
protect you.

DO you want this protection ?

I AM told it will cost two
hundred thousand pounds,
and I will gladly give this sum
to save London and its inhabi-
tants from this terrible danger
—as a Christmas Present to
my Country.

THE Government will do
nothing unless YOU tell
them THEY MUST accept
my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

N.B.—We now hear that the Prime Minister is
considering this offer.

Notes of the Week

BLACKED OUT

What a rout!

Lady Houston blacked out,

But you may guess without a doubt

That it's something true they cannot flout.

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Those Gaps!

We regret that in our last issue Lady Houston's article was disfigured by blacks that recalled the wartime censorship. The distributors took exception to certain sentences in that article, and to meet their requirements those sentences were blacked out.

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The Bright Idea

To help Austria when we cannot help ourselves—is the latest Bright Idea of our headstrong youths at Westminster. They are so young, the dear things have never heard that charity begins at home—self-help comes first.

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Air and Sea

The only really sensible remark that I have read in this long controversy about the Air Force is that contained in a letter by Lord Lloyd to *The Times*. He points out that an Air Force is only valuable as an auxiliary to the Navy, and that an Air Force, however large, may be totally useless. An Air Force cannot convoy our mercantile marine, and, after all, the protection of our merchant ships, conveying freights to all parts of the world, is the most important duty we have to discharge. The only use of an Air Force is against the nearest enemy Air Force. If it ever really comes to an Air War, I expect we shall all be surprised by the exposure of the want of skill and training in our enemy pilots. Perhaps Russia and Japan will oblige us with a demonstration on this. My money goes on Japan all the time!

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Our Air Tragedy

It is, no doubt, evident from the book just published by Brig.-General Groves, entitled "Behind the Smoke Screen" (Faber & Faber, 15s.) that our Air Force, at the outbreak of war, was disgracefully unprepared. But, then, the whole army of England was unprepared, and its marvellous output of five million men, practically under the voluntary system, was due to the genius of Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener. Unfortunately for the Air Force after the war, neither General Trenchard nor Sir Samuel Hoare were geniuses. According to Brig.-General Groves, Sir Samuel Hoare was in-

strumental in four years in bringing this country down four places in the list of Air Powers. There is too much reason to suspect that, by carefully avoiding giving relative figures, he has kept both Parliament and the country in the dark.

Lord Trenchard's plan, when he was in command of the Air Force on the Western Front, was extremely simple. It was to fill the sky over the trenches with as many machines as he could. From the mess which Lord Trenchard seems to have made over the Police Force, the public will not be too favourably disposed to accept this explanation for the reason why the losses of the R.F.C. are described in this book as fantastic.

An independent Air Force was set up in order to meet the demands that it should be out of the control of the military mind, which believes in battle. If we are to learn anything from our experience of the last War, the nation will insist that untrained lads are not exposed in this reckless manner.

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More Hush-Hush

I certainly thought that a free and independent Press was one of the blessings of Democracy. I was mistaken. The conspiracy of hush-hush has spread from Guildford to Seaham, to Leeds, to Cambridgeshire. The fact that the electors of Cambridgeshire have declined to accept another of Mr. Baldwin's private secretaries, and have preferred Mr. Tufnell, a sailor, to a real live Lord, is carefully suppressed by the Nationalist organs. It is a welcome sign of independence in the Tory crowd. As for the Prime Minister, the loss of enthusiasm for him is a snowball that increases as he moves from one industrial centre to another, *vires acquirit eundo*. The murmurs of Seaham rise to the boos and yells of Leeds (from women, too) as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald unrolls, with fatuous complacency, the achievements of the Nationalist Government, which mainly consist in screwing four-fifths of their property out of the clever and industrious members of the community.

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"Est-il Possible?"

So Lord Rothermere has exchanged a boiled for a black shirt! As poor Prince George, Queen Anne's husband, used to exclaim, on hearing of a new defection from King James to King William, "*est-il possible?*" One day "*est-il possible?*" stole away from the Royalist camp.

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Rot Sets In

Parliament re-assembled on Monday last, with an outward air of dullness, but some hidden apprehension. Government supporters to-day are receiving big post-bags containing letters by no

means complimentary in character. They are accused of complacency and of having allowed various measures to go through without protest. In Lancashire there is strong feeling in regard to Japan's apparently privileged position of being able to dump her cheaply produced cotton goods and all sorts of other stuff, to be purchased at Woolworth's Stores, thus hitting Birmingham. The whole time the Government, despite its enormous majority, is fighting a rearguard action against its growing critics, not merely on trade but on national defence. The rot, due to over-big majorities, has set in.

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Developing Our Empire

Sir Henry Page Croft is taking a big part in the new move to start a vast scheme of Empire migration, or what he calls "an organised Empire Settlement." He and Sir Arthur Shirley Benn have the promises of 310 Members behind them on their policy which would really lead to the development of great and as yet untapped areas of the Empire and keep them for the right type of Englishman and Englishwomen under conditions which would ensure success. General Page Croft has added very considerably to his prestige in the country during the last year or two, although he has always been a stalwart supporter of tariffs and of a great Overseas Empire Board. He is gradually edging away from the Conservative Central office grip and if only he and more who stand with him, would take the bull by the horns, it is always possible he might be a future Prime Minister. He is tall, good-looking, and a first-class platform speaker. The only fault he possesses is too great courtesy. If he would only be brutal and pugnacious he would go a long way.

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Why Not Retaliate?

The shipping industry is in a parlous state. It is heart-rending to see the number of mercantile marine men hanging round the dockyards for non-existent jobs, owing to the way the Government have done nothing to meet foreign subsidies and foreign restrictions. Why does not the Government retaliate and do so thoroughly and definitely? Is it through fear of the International banking fraternity in the City? If they issued an embargo on foreign cargo ships as France, Germany, and America are doing, all our shipping trade would undergo an immediate revival. Dr. Burgin, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, told Admiral Taylor in the House of Commons that the Government were waiting for a good deal of information from the shipping industry. We do not believe that is true. The Government have all the information they want. The truth is they have not the pluck to threaten reprisals, and so the men starve.

Proof Wanted

The *Codex Sinaiticus* continues to be a bone of contention. Its purchase has not helped to popularise the Prime Minister in any quarter unless it be in the British Museum Library. We showed last week that it was stolen under false pretences and we questioned the genuineness of the MSS. for which £100,000 was paid over in cash to Stalin's representative. We still question its authenticity and would like to know where is the original in a faded red cover, which Tischendorf "borrowed" from the monks of Mt. Sinai. Leipzig has some pages of the true and original *Codex* and although we have parted with the money to the Russians, believing in their good faith as we always do, it would be worth comparing the few genuine pages in Leipzig with the rest of the pages for which we have paid through the nose. Well informed opinion believes the whole *Codex* as sold is a hoax—or swindle—but having been fools enough to pay cash for it we must make the best of a bad bargain.

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A Baldwin Pledge

What about Mr. Baldwin's pledge to consult the Conservative Party before any final decision of the Government to take action on the Indian White Paper proposals? On February 9th, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, at the Council Meeting of the Essex and Middlesex Provincial Area of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, Mr. Winston Churchill intends to bring forward the terms of Mr. Baldwin's promise and move a resolution. This pledge was given at the Central Council meeting of the National Union last summer, when there was great opposition to the acceptance of the White Paper proposals. It is significant of Mr. Baldwin's sincerity that the Under Secretary for India, Mr. R. A. Butler, is expected to lead the official opposition to the resolution. In other words Mr. Baldwin hopes to skulk out of his pledge, and with his utter ignorance of how the public view him to-day he is quite stupid enough to try that game. However, we, here, realise the advantage of giving him enough rope for we know that a large number of Conservatives still believe in his bona fides. So, give him enough rope. . . .

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A Spur to England

In view of the tense situation in the Pacific, and the declared intention of the United States, as shown in Congress by the "Vinson Bill," which has the blessing of President Roosevelt, to bring the American Fleet up to full treaty strength, it is not in the least surprising that Japan has intimated that she proposes a big increase of her Navy in the near future. In her present position she considers the limits imposed on her by the Naval Treaty as inadequate for her defence, and

she is determined on their extension. She is perfectly right. She has shown and shows consistently that she will stand no nonsense at Geneva or elsewhere. Again, she is perfectly right. But, what an example to our political sluggards and laggards at Westminster! Japan does not wobble.

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That Ultimatum

We like the ten-days' ultimatum to France about the quotas, not so much perhaps because it is directed at France who is clearly without justification in the matter, but simply because it is the ultimatum, demonstrating that after all *mirabile dictu* there actually is some power of decision left in our generally feeble and miserable "Wobble Government." We are not necessarily enamoured of the word ultimatum itself, but we cannot help thinking that if the Government had, much earlier in the day, thrown out a strong suggestion, let us say, to Herr Hitler that something of the kind was behind the Disarmament Conference, Germany would not be the grave potential danger she very soon will be to British interests. Meanwhile we wait for the Government's declaration on Disarmament, but we feel pretty safe in betting that it will be more in the nature of another wobble than an ultimatum.

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The Poor Old Dear

"It is understood that a great impression has been made upon the Foreign Office, during the construction of a British Policy of Disarmament, by a fragment of Menander, which deals in a few lines with all the vexed questions of common responsibility, sanctions and supervision." Follows a translation of the fragment:

Now if each would prepare, as his personal care,
To punish the evil that men did,
And would boldly declare he was ready to share
In the sanctions for those that offended,
Then the wicked would know
They were watched—and go slow—
And aggression would soon be exceedingly rare
Or would soon be utterly ended.

Just so—the sanctions! No one who had not seen the above on the editorial page of *The Times* on Monday would ever believe that the paper had published it at all, since its whole tone is utterly opposed to the flabby, wobbly views on Disarmament of our contemporary. Sometimes *The Times* dreams of its past when it did amount to something. Hence these tears.

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Blame the Women

General Sir Cecil Francis Romer, the Adjutant-General, has given us an authentic but gloomy view of present-day recruiting. He is still 7,000 short of the number of recruits requisite to bring

the Army up to its proper strength. Over half the recruits, 52 per cent. to be exact, had to be rejected when they offered themselves, because of physical unfitness. General Romer says that the worst districts are the Northern industrial areas, Manchester and its surroundings, and the Adjutant-General does not hesitate to ascribe this physical deficiency to the fact that women are too lazy to cook proper meals for their men, but buy tinned food. What a comment on our civilisation!

Modern women are too stupid and lazy to cook for their husbands and brothers and sons. And so we are rapidly declining into a C 3 nation because our women will not take the trouble to cook, and these women are largely in the majority in all constituencies.

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Preserving Beauty

Other towns in England might, to advantage, take notice of what has recently happened at Woodbridge in Suffolk. There, it was found necessary to build a new Post Office. The site decided upon was that occupied by a seventeenth century house. Progress demanded that the old house must go. But the Suffolk Preservation Society made appeal to His Majesty's Office of Works to preserve some of the features of this old house, and the Office of Works responded worthily. The new Post Office was opened at the end of January. A pleasant brick building, its roof bears the mellow tiles of the house it has succeeded. Inside, four panels of fine seventeenth century moulded plaster ceiling are retained, as well as a graceful staircase of the same period. Woodbridge has gained a modern Post Office yet kept some most interesting relics of its past.

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The Sacrifice

Free Trade is dead. The myrmidons that fought
For the old creed that Bright and Cobden taught,
Defeated, raise their heads again to defy
Sound common sense with yet another cry:
And still, in "PEACE," at our expense, they
find

The perfect slogan suited to their kind.
First, tentatively from their chosen fence,
They invite the simple and impress the dense;
Then, pointing to Britannia's ancient vesture,
They insistently demand another gesture.
Her abhorred trident she must forthwith yield,
Tear off her helmet, cast away her shield;
Her imperial mantle is a threat to peace,
Her robe must go, or clamour will increase;
Nor will they rest till every shred is cast
And she, stark naked, stands abashed at last.

* * * * *

Reader, behold the picture! It is true
Of Ramsay Mac and Maxton. *What of you?*
R.C.T.

Mr. Churchill Hits Back

By A.A.B.

THERE are very few men who can talk and write equally well. Mr. Churchill is to politics what Lord Hugh Cecil is to religion. Lord Hugh is a great orator but his writing is somewhat wooden. Of Mr. Churchill it is difficult to say whether he writes or speaks better. No one can deny that the author of his father's *Life*, of the "River War," and of *Marlborough's Life*, writes inspiring prose. And yet his prose is not quite classical.

The reader can see a pause, as of a speaker waiting for the cheers and laughter. His attack upon Macaulay is very effective, but I am inclined to say, with the late Lord Oxford, where can you find anyone to-day who can write like Macaulay. Making every allowance for the rhetorical defects of his prose style, no one can deny that his retort to the Socialists is unanswerable.

To the chatter of Kerensky-Cripps, and the Congress of Trades Unions, on the Reform of the House of Lords, Mr. Churchill replies pertinently enough: "Let us agree that the House of Lords needs reforming and strengthening. But what of the House of Commons? Let us begin by strengthening and reforming that." It is undeniable that our 29 millions of electors do not represent the nation, call themselves National or by whatever other name they please. If the House of Commons does not represent the nation, a fortiori the National Government represents them still less.

Franchise Despised

Mr. Churchill has been occupied in the study and practice of politics for nearly forty years. I do not like to say how many contested elections he has fought; and looking out coolly on the state of politics he has very naturally come to the same conclusion as Carlyle and all other sensible men, namely, "that Democracy is a self-cancelling business and ends in zero." Mr. Churchill, democrat though he is, or is thought to be, experienced Minister as he certainly is, very rightly fears the effect of some violent change at a General Election upon our ancient institutions and the form of our Government. He very truly observes, what many other people observe, that the franchise, having been given to all, is now despised by all. It would indeed be strange were it otherwise; for the vast majority of the electors have neither the time, nor the desire, nor the opportunity to form right judgments upon the complicated issues which are presented to them by their politicians. To do them justice, the mass of electors are becoming increasingly conscious of their own ignorance and their own inability to decide on the problems of Finance and Foreign Policy, which are submitted to them by their politicians. This ignorance, or timidity, call it which you like, on the part of the electors is proved by the increasing numbers who abstain from voting at all.

"What is to be done," asks Mr. Churchill, "to counteract this state of things?" A weighted franchise. Weigh votes as well as count them; and this can only be done by giving to the heads of households, male or female, who pay direct taxation, a second vote, to teach them responsibility. This is what in the old days Bright and Cobden and our Liberal politicians used to sneer at as "fancy franchise." The sneer was worthy of the Liberal party, who considered that a £5 or £10 vote comprehended the whole question of political liberty.

Disraeli saw further than that. He saw the absurdity of founding the franchise of millions of working class workers on the basis of a £5 or a £10 rental. And he proposed to add a second vote for anyone who gave proof of intelligence or powers of command, to professors, shop stewards, and other organisers of what might be deemed a contribution to the common cause. Bright and Cobden laughed away these proposals, and Disraeli was obliged to drop them.

A Bold Proposal

Mr. Churchill has had the courage, possessed by no other politician of the day, to propose the revival of these extra votes for merit. It is quite true, as he says, there will be violent opposition to such a change; but the greatest mistake in politics is to imagine that you can please everybody. This weighted franchise is a bold and admirable proposal, full of profound statesmanship, and indeed is the only method that has been proposed by anybody as a means of avoiding the rash impulses of the mob.

Mr. Churchill brushes aside the vapourings of Kerensky Cripps, who begins by threatening the King, and then tries to explain away his blunder when he finds all sections of the Socialist party repudiate his impertinence, and pretends that he only meant what he calls the lackeys of Buckingham Palace. I doubt very much, by the way, Mr. Churchill's allusion to the brilliance of our Kerensky, or the enormous gains of his profession. Solicitors, as a rule, do not like the Kerensky type of advocate, and prefer to send their Brief to barristers who interfere as little as possible with politics. Nor is he likely to be buoyed up by the memory of his father's career. However, that by the way.

There can be no doubt that a House of Commons elected under a weighted franchise would have much greater power in dealing with the House of Lords than it has at present. It may not be a knock-out blow to the Socialists, but it is, at any rate, a very spirited and effective retort upon the mischievous and malevolent busy-bodies who are trying to upset our Constitution. It is perhaps for that reason that Mr. Churchill's speeches get so little support or approval from the millionaire Press.

What Mussolini Teaches Us

By "KIM"

"WAR in the East" is the subject of a very searching examination which Mussolini is contributing to this week's *Saturday Review*. He sums up in his usual lucid and judicial manner the tense situation that confronts Japan and Russia on the Manchukuo frontier. The peril of war exists, he says, and no-one conversant with the situation will deny it. It is a matter that involves, says Mussolini, not only Russia and Japan, but China, the United States, and "directly and indirectly" Great Britain, France, Italy and Holland.

Japan is traversing a period of "dynamic imperialism" says the great Italian Fascisti leader. He points to her virtues, to her industrial organisation, her sobriety, her unlimited capacity for sacrifice, her formidable armies, fleets, and air force. He might have added to this a superiority complex in her outlook towards Russia. In the last Russo-Japanese War in 1895, the Russians were annihilated on sea and land. They never even put up the semblance of a fight and it was only the intervention of the then Great Powers, with their mutual jealousies, which prevented Japan from driving the Russians right out from the Pacific.

"Our Loyal Ally"

Japan thinks she holds the power in her hands to-day. Thus the peril of a sudden blaze up in the Far East is possible at any moment. What British diplomacy is doing to meet such a likely contingency we do not know. All we are aware of is that a section of the Pacifist Press and public went out of their way to antagonise Japan who was our loyal ally in the War and deserved fairer treatment.

Mussolini then briefly considers the position to-day of China and her chaotic condition. He seems to visualise in the future an accord between Japan and China, which, in fact, appears to be inevitable. and he hints that here would be a "Yellow Peril" indeed. He does not evidently believe that if Russia and Japan should fight, that is if "the hog" puts its "snout" over the Russian "sty" as Stalin threatened a few days ago, America would intervene on the side of Russia, despite Litvinoff's diplomacy. Nor do any other students of politics.

We come then to a world situation fraught with great danger. Italy's Prime Minister, the clearest minded statesman of his day, the outstanding figure in the world of diplomacy, warns us plainly of the potentialities that confront all the Powers, and especially Britain, with her responsibilities and commitments in the Far East—and what is our Government doing about it? They are apparently doing nothing. Their minds seem set obstinately on one achievement and one alone, disarmament. Disarmament, while the present combustible state of things exists in the Far East

and in Europe a regular cauldron of trouble seems to be brewing! Disarmament! What a chimera! What optimists!

On the re-assembly of Parliament on Monday last, the Prime Minister had his attention drawn to the precarious state of our Air Force, which as General Groves has pointed out, has now fallen from first place, as it was in 1924, to sixth, if not seventh place, to-day. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's reply was an admission of the truth of the situation and his excuse was, "The Government have made it their persistent endeavour to secure parity for the principal air Powers at which international agreement can be secured." This farrago of words meant that the Government had let the air defences of this country decline to their present parlous state, hoping fruitlessly to come to some agreement with the Great Powers on the limitation of air force. The answer to it is that Japan, Russia, America, Germany, France, and Italy are all feverishly building quantities of aeroplanes and the necessary equipment. They build first and argue after, while we argue and do not build.

When we consider the mental abyss between such men as Mussolini and Ramsay MacDonald, we begin to understand why country after country is turning towards Fascism, as the only possible off-set to the internationalism of politicians like Mr MacDonald.

Patriotism

What is the secret? It is simple. Mussolini, once a violent Socialist, who went to gaol for his advanced opinions not once but nearly a dozen times, had inherent in him a deep love for his country, and he realised in the end that patriotism, the determination to make his country great and prosperous, something fit to live in and die for, was the only way. Before Mussolini came forth with his Fascisti movement Italy after disintegrating steadily under Giolitti, the last of the Italian politicians, was in the throes of a Bolshevik struggle. With his passionate appeal to love of country Mussolini struck the chord which has since reconstituted the Italian nation and placed them in the forefront of the Powers.

We, too, have suffered all too long from the venality of our politicians. We are sick of the House of Commons and all the tricks and twists that thwart the will of the people at every turn. The Conservatives had their chance at the last General Election, but threw it away since by their lack of Nationalism. Many think the Conservative Party is doomed to extinction like the Liberals. Those who lament the overshadowing of Conservatism may take courage from the example of Mussolini. We have in our Black-shirts a movement which is bounding upwards with huge strides and whose principles are such that everyone who loves England can support it with confidence.

Make Us Airworthy

A Suggestion for Civil Craft

By Commander Sir Denis Burney, Bart.

(The Designer of R. 100)

NO nation can take the first step in the work of disarmament: nor can it do so in the renunciation of any specific instrument of war. These are matters in which all nations must act simultaneously and in agreement. Until this simultaneous disarmament becomes effective, the British Government has the responsibility of maintaining sufficient armed forces to ensure security.

How can that security best be obtained in the air? Broadly speaking, there are two methods of trying to solve the air defence problem.

One way of attacking the problem is to concentrate on building up an air force capable of securing the defence of these Islands against air attack from any Continental Power or group of Powers. Surely this is the wrong method for several reasons.

Firstly because it is insufficient and it is insufficient because it cannot achieve the end proposed. It is an attempt to do the impossible. However many defence or attacking planes we may choose to build, we can never render these islands immune from destructive attacks of hostile aircraft. This fact has been repeatedly stated by the best informed experts and was recently confirmed in a speech by Mr. Baldwin. If this is indeed the fact of the situation it inevitably follows that a policy which ignores all its implications damns itself at once as futile and inept.

Narrow Vision

During the last twelve years we have spent the enormous sum of over two hundred millions upon our fighting Air Force and have so little to show for it that the headlines of the Daily Press state that "Britain is defenceless in the air." This policy, therefore, stands condemned even from the point of view of the narrow vision and the pre-war conceptions that inspired it. That it is so can be seen at once if we try and make such a policy stand the test of its own principle.

For instance, our present Air Force is only 4 per cent. of what would be required in war time. In 1917/1918, the last year of the Great War, we constructed a total of 34,147 machines. This year we constructed less than 1,000. In 1917/1918 we trained no less than 8,000 pilots. This year we have trained under 500. In 1917/1918 we spent one hundred and fifty millions in aviation contracts. This year less than five millions.

These figures make further comment upon the futility of this or any other country maintaining an Air Force in peace time that is adequate for war purposes. The real criterion of our strength must necessarily be the rate at which we can develop and expand our peace time force in time of war; and this all-important question has been

persistently ignored by every successive Government since the Armistice.

The only rational policy would seem to be to accept the fact that our only real basis of air security lies in the building up of an aerial Mercantile Marine on which we can draw for reserves in war time, in the same way in which the Navy is able to draw upon that which we have at sea. Until this is done we must remain without that manufacturing capacity that alone can give us the rapid provision of fighting machines required by the exigencies of war.

It is quite true that the further subsidising of Civil aviation will not in the first instance and by itself prove an investment that will pay material dividends in cash, but it is not far off. Sir Eric Geddes, the Chairman of Imperial Airways, stated that 70 per cent. of their expenditure is now recovered in the form of receipts from the mails and travelling public.

Unproductive Expenditure

On the other hand it must be remembered that the sums expended annually on the Air Force are 100 per cent. unproductive from the commercial point of view. Is it not better, if more money is to be spent on air defence, to spend it in subsidising civil aviation where we may hope to recover 70 per cent. in cash in addition to providing the Empire with adequate mail and passenger services. The indirect commercial benefit of such services is second only in importance to the advantage of stimulating the political co-ordination of the Empire as a whole. Imperial Airways has done great service with the somewhat inadequate subsidy of about £600,000 per annum, and it is reasonable to suppose that the Empire service could be greatly extended in frequency and speed if a more liberal subsidy were given.

The *Daily Express* has, I see, been supporting the *Daily Mail* in this present agitation for building more fighting aircraft. It is interesting to look at some of the editorials of the back numbers of this paper. On the 14th August, 1928, the *Daily Express* stated in its leading article "There is no rigid line between military and Civil Aviation and the nation with a small regular force and a larger civilian band of aviators is better equipped for defence than the nation which has starved or discouraged the latter to concentrate on the former. It has a reserve of pilots, a familiarity with the air and a stock of machines that can be turned to the purposes of war with hardly more than a moment's delay. The country, therefore, in which Civil Aviation is most developed is the country with the greatest military security."

It is to be hoped that the policy advocated in this quotation will be adopted.

CONTRAST

Mussolini

(Extracts from his speeches)

WE do not ask you for salaries, we do not ask you for votes. We only ask you for one thing, and that is that you shall shout with us "Long live Italy!" (Loud applause.)

* * * * *

My ancestors were peasants who tilled the earth, and my father was a blacksmith who bent red-hot iron on the anvil. Sometimes, when I was a boy, I helped my father in his hard and humble work, and now I have the infinitely harder task of bending souls. At twenty I worked with my hands—I repeat, with my hands—first as a mason's lad and afterwards as a mason. And I do not tell you this in order to arouse your sympathy, but to show you how impossible it is for me to be against the working class. I am, however, the enemy of those who, in the name of false and ridiculous ideologies, try to dupe the workmen and drive them towards ruin.

* * * * *

The Italian people must somehow find that medium of harmony necessary for the reconstruction and development of civilisation; and if there be rebellious and seditious minorities they must be inexorably stamped out.

* * * * *

I express to you here this morning all my brotherly sympathy and admiration as an ex-soldier, as a man, as an Italian, and I embrace you all. And by this act I intend to honour and exalt all those who contributed to the greatness of the mother country by the deeds accomplished and by the shedding of their blood. (Applause.)

* * * * *

Mine is not a Government which deceives the people. (Applause.) We cannot, we shall not, make promises if we are not mathematically sure of being able to fulfil them. The people have been too long deceived and mystified for the men of our generation to continue this low trade.

We have traced a furrow, very clear-cut and deep, between that which was the Italy of yesterday and that which is the Italy of to-day. In the latter, all classes must have a sphere of action for their fruitful co-operation. The struggle between classes may be an episode in the life of a people, it cannot be the daily system, as it would mean the destruction of wealth, and, therefore, universal poverty.

The co-operation, citizens, between him who labours and him who employs labour, between

MacDonald

(At Leeds, January 23)

"THE National Government is pledged to work and work until the tide of unemployment is still further reduced and until more men and women can sit around their own firesides feeling the pride of independence" (jeering and laughter, during which women stood up screaming and gesticulating).

Mr. MacDonald ignored his interrupters, and shouted still louder through the microphone. He said that the unemployment figures were down by 500,000.

"The immediate work set is this: We have to continue that fine series of commercial treaties so splendidly begun by Mr. Runciman. Many of the most important international transactions to-day are transactions almost in the form of barter. In these treaties we get the *quid pro quo*. The Government has pursued a policy of mutual exchange with a great deal of success.

"Let them build up the machinery of a co-operative world, and one of the first bits of machinery would deal with the question how the various coinages were going to be exchanged." He confessed that he was impatient of the slowness. "The mills of God grind slowly."

"The British Government is ready to step in again and take up that work (Geneva), but not until the circumstances make a conclusion likely.

"We have to protect our home market. In doing that the Government is fully aware that, unless protection is taken up by men of energy, determination and enterprise, protection may make stagnant waters that ought to be enlivened. You will observe that in iron and steel protection had been conditioned by the condition that energy, brains, vitality will be put into this industry. I think it is really time for the cotton industry to show more of that aliveness which goes with co-ordination and efficiency of production and marketing. . . ."

"As to foreign policy, the Government stands loyally by the League of Nations, and hopes, in co-operation with other nations like Italy, France and the smaller powers, to devise means which would make the League more secure than ever to face the difficult and onerous problems which confronted them."

him who works with his hands and him who works with his brains, all these elements of production have their inevitable and necessary grades and constitutions. Through this programme you will attain a state of well-being and the nation prosperity and greatness. If I were not sure of my words I would not utter them before you on such a solemn and memorable occasion. (Applause.)

Midnapore—The Murder Spot

How Indian Terrorism Began and Its Constitution

By J. C. French, I.C.S.

(*Lately in Charge of the Midnapore District*)

EARLY in April 1931, I arrived in Calcutta after attending the Session of the Legislative Assembly in Delhi. On the news board of the United Service Club I saw that Mr. James Peddie, of the Indian Civil Service, Magistrate of Midnapore District in Bengal, had been mortally wounded by Terrorists. A couple of hours later I received orders from the Government of Bengal to take over charge of Midnapore at once.

Meanwhile along Chowringhee, the great Calcutta street in which the United Service Club stands, there had come a noise of cries, and songs, and harsh music, and a long procession had come into sight and passed the Club. It was a procession of the Congress party, with men and women wearing "Gandhi" caps, something like an old pattern military forage cap. The cries and songs were seditious, and there were banners in honour of the Congress "martyrs"—Terrorists executed for the murders of English Officials. One banner in particular bore the words "Long live the Revolution."

Agitation Under Cover

All this was possible because, in the previous month of March, the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, had come to the agreement with Gandhi known as the Irwin-Gandhi pact. Under cover of this, the Congress party, whose aim is complete independence for India, resumed its agitation against the British Government. The Terrorists are the left wing members of this Congress party. The incongruity, or rather congruity, of the Congress procession with the news from Midnapore on the notice board, aroused bitter comments in the United Service Club.

Next day I was in Midnapore, but not early enough to be in time for the burial of my predecessor, Mr. James Peddie. The life I led there was a queer one. Armed sentries on my house, an armed personal guard consisting of a policeman with a revolver, who until a short time before had been a soldier in the Punjabi regiment, and who followed me wherever I went outside the house, a revolver always in my pocket, were the sensational features in it. And these precautions were never relaxed. During one's early morning ride the armed guard followed behind. On the Magistrate's table in court my revolver lay beside my pen and ink. During a game of tennis in the evening armed guards stood around the tennis court. There is no need to repeat the tale of murders by Terrorists of British Officials in Bengal which made each and every one of these measures necessary.

That all this was a complete novelty in Bengal, twenty-five years' experience of India made plain

to me. On the North-West Frontier, that wild borderland of savage tribes and fierce Pathans, it would have been normal enough, but to meet it in peaceful Bengal, one of the oldest seats of our Empire in the East, was indeed strange.

So in Midnapore in 1931 I seemed to have been taken from the peaceful India of the twentieth century to wilder and less settled times, to the days of Warren Hastings when the Mahratta cavalry came raiding through Bengal.

But nothing is so short-lived as surprise, and one soon became accustomed to the novel conditions. A revolver became as usual a companion as a walking stick. Now and again a queer little incident re-called one's attention to the abnormal atmosphere.

Armed Guards

One evening on the tennis court a player glanced at the armed guards standing round the courts and said humourously. "This is like a children's party." What he meant was that we were the children, and the armed guards the nurses under whose protection we were playing. But the necessity for such precautions was shown last September by the murder on the football field of Mr. Burge of the Indian Civil Service. This murder made the name of Midnapore familiar to the British public, for it was the third assassination by Terrorists of the British Magistrate of that district in less than thirty months.

One night I was giving a dinner party. Owing to the intense heat (118 degrees in the shade at mid-day) we were sitting out in the garden. The noise of an approaching motor was heard and I hurried out into the darkness to meet my guests. While I was doing so I found at my side Mr. George, of the Indian Civil Service, one of my assistants in Midnapore District. He told me afterwards that he followed me in case the motor might be a Terrorist trap and that I should receive bullets instead of guests. When my successor in Midnapore District, Mr. Douglas, of the Indian Civil Service, was murdered by Terrorists last year, Mr. George instantly pursued the assassins and played an important part in their capture.

When I motored through the narrow streets of Midnapore town, occasionally I would see a face looking at me with murder in it. There is no mistaking that look on a man's face. Once seen it is never forgotten.

What is Terrorism? Who are the Terrorists? These questions now present themselves. To answer them we must take a brief glance at Indian history. And first of all it is important to

remember that violent conspiracies for the overthrow of governments are a form of the political activity natural to the East. Mustapha Kemal of Turkey has to be on his guard. So has King Riza of Persia. The fate of Habibullah of Afghanistan will be remembered, and now, only the other day, another King of that country, Nadir Shah, met the same fate. Conspiracies are hatched against the Maharaja of Nepal. One was reported in the English press in 1929.

In India the last great concerted movement against our Empire was the Indian Mutiny. It was crushed so thoroughly that the subversive forces lay quiet for a generation.

Then fifty years ago the Indian Congress started. It was a Hindu movement and commenced under the guise of Gladstonian Liberalism. "God save the King" was sung, and the speakers pointed to the Union Jack and said: "Where in the World except under that flag would we be free to hold such a meeting?"

But at the close of the nineteenth century there were certain politically minded Hindus who grew tired of the milk-and-water diet of English Radicalism, and wanted some stronger food. This they found in the memories of the old Hindu Mahratta freebooters, the chief of whom was Shivaji, the famous opponent of the Mahomedan Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb. They commenced political murders of English men. These early Terrorists lived in the Bombay province. Their cult spread to Bengal early in the present century.

Imported Genius

The Bengali Terrorists started by talking about the hero Shivaji. In doing so they displayed a certain lack of humour, as a favourite occupation of the Mahrattas had been to raid Bengal. But as they had no heroes of their own, the genius of Bengali not running in a military direction, they had to import from elsewhere.

They soon found really congenial soul-food in the stories of the murderous activities of the European revolutionaries. They were particularly fond of the writings of the Italian Mazzini, the defender of political assassination. Now they talk of Stalin and Lenin. All that the Bengal Terrorists really took from Europe was the technique of the revolver and the bomb. The political catchwords of liberty and democracy formed a mask to conceal the ideal of a restoration of the old Hindu power.

It is odd to find modern up-to-the-minute political jargon mixed up with appeals to the goddess Kali, the Terrible Goddess of Death, and to the gods and heroes of ancient India. But it is the old and not the new which provides the real force and driving power to the movement. From it comes the mystical fanaticism which inspires the timid and unwarlike Bengali to run the risk of death. It canalises and develops the deep-rooted Indian instinct of self-immolation. The Hindu ascetic sitting on spikes, Gandhi threatening to fast unto death, are popular examples of this sentiment.

Now comes the question—who are the Terrorists? They come from certain of the upper

Hindu castes, mostly from the priestly Brahmins and clerical Kiasts. Members of the great military Rajput caste are not to be found among them.

Little importance need be attached to the talk about Indian youths becoming Terrorists because they cannot get employment. I have known of Terrorists quite comfortably off. Besides, they are sometimes enrolled as members of the secret societies while they are still school boys, before the question of employment has arisen.

Another suggestion is sometimes made that the Terrorist crimes really constitute a romantic sentimental gesture to disprove the popular opinion of the timid and un-military character of the Bengali. There is no real foundation for this idea. Terrorism is a practical movement for a practical object, the triumph of Hindu rule.

Ode to Italy

By Douglas Ainslie Grant Duff

Italy! Italy! England how clear she cries;

"Come o'er the Alps again, come o'er the snow,
Dance through the vintage of France with the
dear free eyes,

Dance with the Nymphs of the Seine as you go!

Italy! Italy! why should I cling to thee,

Thou that hast worshippers score upon score,
Poets and painters and lovers to bring to thee
Passionate kisses and memories of yore?

Laura-Petrarca! Paolo-Francesca!

Beatrice-Dante! the cadences call,

Muse of the Harmony Ariostesca,

Tasso, the silvery syllables fall!

Raphael paints like the dawn, Giorgione

Brings us his Paradise here upon hearth;

Titian! Vinci!—peaks are they only—

Italy teems and bring beauty to birth.

Italy! Italy! I too I love thee well,

I that I have scarce touched thy cheek with my
lips,

Scarce seen the sun kiss thy turreted citadel,
Scarce seen thy smile set the world in eclipse.

Italy! Italy! I too was made for thee,

Changed at my birth for some child of the mist;
I walked afar, while he laughed and he played
for thee

Music on lutes that my father had kissed.

Music was born on thy slopes, Monteverde

Sings till Bellini, Rossini respond:

Masters! all Europe was mute till she heard ye:

"Verdi!" cries echo beyond the beyond.

Now at this last I have found and I cleave to thee,

Land that my footsteps have throd so late,
Well will it be, if my passing may leave to thee
One northern pearl for the crown of thy State.

Pearl, not of oyster that slumbers in ocean,

Fair, yet unworthy thy forehead to bind,

Pearl of the thought of eternal devotion:

Italy, Queen of the heart and the mind.

The German-Polish Pact

Question of the "Corridor" Postponed

By Robert Machray

WHILE great importance is rightly attached to the German-Polish non-aggression agreement which was signed at Berlin on January 26th, it may be well to point out that the treaty itself is a logical development of negotiations that have been proceeding for months between the two countries concerned. They began as far back as last April, and were continued as Poland found, perhaps a little to her surprise, that the method of direct negotiations with Germany, first instituted in reaction to the Four-Power Pact which she resented, was producing good results.

As a matter of fact, the provisions of the treaty, apart from its validation for ten years, were suggested and indeed made public in November. The position then disclosed was discussed at the time in the *Saturday Review* in an article on "The Policy of Poland" which showed that Polish policy was eminently pacific, though not pacifist, and was being steadily directed to securing by all reasonable means better and more neighbourly relations with Germany than had obtained since the War. It is this aim that underlies the present pact.

A More Hopeful Prospect

More or less officially, it had been announced that the extremely serious political questions that divide the two States, for instance, the "Corridor," had lain outside the scope of the conversations which had taken place. Further conversations, however, have led to a definite outcome. The time-limit set—the by no means inconsiderable period of ten years in a world so plainly in flux—imparts to the present agreement a new and particular significance, as it certainly appears to indicate that specific action of a hostile character on the part of Germany respecting these questions has been postponed.

In brief, Germany and Poland have signed a peace treaty "good" for ten years. It is based on the Kellogg Pact, and expressly states that it does not interfere with "international commitments with other parties," which, being interpreted, means that Poland stands by her alliance with France, her alliance with Rumania, her non-aggression treaty with Soviet Russia—and so forth. Though it is now being said that Poland does not think so much of the League as she did, still the treaty provides for "methods of procedure foreseen in other agreements" in cases where direct negotiations fail, and that appears to mean Geneva, if it means anything.

Both of the high contracting parties seem well pleased with themselves—Poland because of confidence that her western frontier will be free from German pressure for some years, and the hope that at long last she will be able to obtain a satisfactory commercial treaty from the Reich—Germany because, though she does not proclaim it, she is free

from the danger of being taken between two fires.

That brings up the way in which France regards the new pact. According to M. Paul Boncour she welcomes it, but he drew attention to the fact that, *pace* Herr Hitler, Poland's commitments include the League, "of which," he said, "she is a remarkably active member, with a seat on the Council." French comment, however, is just a little mixed, and criticism is to be expected in other quarters.

So far as England is concerned, it may be affirmed that any real improvement in German-Polish relations is to be accounted a positive gain for the peace of Europe. The "Eastern Frontiers" of Germany have long been the chief danger-zone on the Continent, and the menace to peace in that area must be considered as sensibly mitigated, even if the treaty does not (as is asserted) amount altogether to an "Eastern Locarno"—a phrase in itself of doubtful value. On the other hand, the continuance of the Nazi campaign against Austrian independence casts doubt on Hitler's whole peace policy. Despite the treaty, there is very little likelihood of Germany finally relinquishing her demand for the Polish territory that was hers before the War.

In connection with the question of the "Corridor" it is interesting to note that there has just been published an impressive book entitled "Poland's Access to the Sea" (Allen & Unwin 16s.) which deals exhaustively with every aspect of the subject from the Polish point of view. Its author is M. Casimir Smogorzewski, the well-known Polish publicist, who at present is the Berlin correspondent of the principal Warsaw newspaper.

Poland's Access to the Sea

In a foreword to the new volume M. Smogorzewski states that he wrote it because there "is no abatement in the flood of German propagandist writings" dealing with the "Corridor" in "tendentious" fashion, and because controversy continues to revolve around Poland territorial access to the sea. He replies by advancing and elucidating twelve propositions which complete and establish the Polish case—to the satisfaction, I think, of all impartial people and perhaps even of some Germans. In its way it is a great book—and to my mind absolutely convincing.

In addition to arguments drawn from history and ethnology the book emphasises the contention that without a "free and secure access to the sea" Poland cannot live as an independent State; this access is the "Corridor," and no other. That was the view not only of Clemenceau and Wilson, but of Lloyd George, at the Peace Conference. Now comes the German-Polish Pact that appears, at any rate, to settle the matter for the next ten years.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment continues the story of the surrender of India. Congress meets, a Declaration of Independence is drawn up, and the British flag is torn down and burnt. . . .

IN the wording of this resolution it was stated that:

In pursuance of the resolution passed at the Calcutta Congress last year, this Congress now declares that Swaraj in the Congress creed shall mean complete independence. It therefore further declares the Nehru Scheme to have lapsed, and hopes that all parties in Congress will devote their exclusive attention to the attainment of complete independence.

What more could Moscow or Berlin desire? Indeed, Srinivasa Iyengar, who had visited Moscow in the preceding year, had, as he told the Legislative Assembly, returned convinced of the excellence of the Soviet system, whilst the opening speech of Jawaharlal Nehru at the Lahore Congress, in which he declared for a Socialist Republic, met with frantic applause from the assembled delegates.

Moscow Revokes

The Nationalists, with the League against Imperialism at their back, could now be depended on to carry on the revolutionary movement to a successful issue, and Moscow could afford to dispense with its avowed agents. This same December it was announced in the Bolshevik Press that Roy had been expelled from the Third International, and the openly "Red" elements, bereft of their principal link with Moscow, as well as of their leaders now in Meerut jail, found themselves no match for the better organised forces of the Nationalists. In a clash between the Girni Kamgar Union and Gandhi's followers on January 26, 1930, the red flaggers came off the worst, and the Nationalist banners, bearing such inscriptions as "Long live the Revolution" and "British Rule means Massacres," were carried in triumph through the streets of Bombay.

Gandhi had already, on January 9, drawn up his plans for a fresh campaign of "civil disobedience." "The time must come when there may be a fight to a finish with one's back to the wall," he wrote in *Young India*. By the end of February his plans, which a supine Government had given him two months to mature, were complete. On March 4 his ultimatum to the Viceroy was delivered by a young Englishman, Reginald Reynolds, who had just appeared on the scene and described himself as "a born revolutionary," trained in an international school on the outskirts of Birmingham.

"Dear Friend," this missive began, "before embarking upon civil disobedience and taking the risk which I have dreaded all these years, I would fain approach you and find a way out. My personal faith is absolutely clear. I hold British

rule to be a curse, but I do not intend to harm a single Englishman," etc.

What way out the Mahatma proposed, other than the immediate abdication of the British Government, is nowhere discoverable from the rest of the letter. The Viceroy, however, seemed indisposed to avail himself of this exit, and replied briefly through his secretary to "Dear Mr. Gandhi" that he regretted to hear of the "course of action" indicated in the letter.

Lord Irwin was now finding his dual rôle more than ever difficult. To continue paving the way for self-government in a country where the would-be governors were busily engaged in destroying all the machinery of law and order, was a task calculated to daunt the heart of the most confirmed idealist. The loyal elements looked on in dismay. "The British people," said a Moslem leader at this crisis, "have wasted enough time parleying with their enemies. Surely the day has come to remember their friends." But in India, as in England, it was the loud-voiced, the disaffected, the rebellious, who must be conciliated and cajoled, whilst the law-abiding was left out in the cold. Faced with what it conceived to be its duty, maintaining order and at the same time pressing reforms on people who no longer desired them but clamoured for complete independence, the Government adopted an alternating policy, one day sympathising with the "legitimate aspirations" of the Swarajists, the next throwing them into jail for sedition and conspiracy. On January 23, Subhas Chandra Bose and eleven other Nationalist leaders had been arrested and imprisoned on this charge; on March 10, Sen Gupta, the Swarajist Mayor of Calcutta, was arrested and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for making seditious speeches in Rangoon. On April 4 he was out again and calling for a general strike in Calcutta.

March to the Coast

Meanwhile Gandhi was not arrested, but allowed to start with seventy of his followers on his 150-mile march from Ahmedabad to Dandi, on the coast, where he was to launch his campaign of "civil disobedience" by a no-tax movement, the infringement of the Government salt monopoly, a boycott of all Government officials, etc. The Moslem leaders held aloof from these proceedings, the "Untouchables" even came out and attacked the procession as it neared its goal, but the Government offered no resistance and actually facilitated the dispatch of messages from Gandhi to his supporters by sending a special official with him on his march to ensure the rapid

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transmission of his instructions through the Government telegraphs.

The march was carried out according to plan; Gandhi, amidst shouts of "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai!" (Long live Mahatma Gandhi!), entered the sea at Dandi; the ridiculous "salt-making" began. Then suddenly the authorities "took notice": the police raided Congress headquarters on April 10, arrested the secretary and the "Commander of the National Militia," rounded people up all over India, rearrested Sen Gupta, arrested Jawaharlal Nehru, who wired to Gandhi: "I have stolen a march on you. Love. Jawaharlal." Gandhi's bid for martyrdom had not yet succeeded. But the affair, which had proceeded hitherto on the lines of comedy, now developed into tragedy. Savage rioting broke out in Calcutta, a raid, accompanied by the murder of British officials, and every form of violence was made on the armouries of Chittagong, loyal Indian police were massacred and burned by brutal mobs at Sholapur; the Afridis descended from the hills and Peshawar burst into flame. As Gandhi peacefully observed to *The Times* correspondent: "Non-violent and violent movements always go hand in hand."

The Alarm

Then, and then only, when India was in a blaze from end to end, the Viceroy took alarm and resolved on firmer action. On April 27 he revived the Press Act of 1910—repealed in 1922—dealing with seditious newspapers; on May 5 Gandhi was arrested. His successors to the leadership, the aged Abbas Tyabji and Mrs. Naidu, then the Pandit Motilal Nehru and Vallabhai Patel, followed him into imprisonment later.

It is unnecessary to continue further the long story of lootings and burnings, of marching crowds, of fighting, bombing, killing, and of spasmodic repression and arrests carried out with the utmost gallantry and patience by the sorely-tried police and armed forces, which threw all India into the turmoil from which she has not emerged to-day. It was the story of all weak administrations from the French Revolution onward—lack of faith on the part of governors in their right to govern, a free hand given to agitators, the law-abiding sacrificed to the lawless, abortive efforts to placate the implacable alternating with sudden displays of authority that enraged the maddened multitudes. As a Sikh gentleman of position observed in a letter to Sir Michael O'Dwyer:

The things are changed in India, and it seems to me that the Government has lost their heads and act as a puzzled body, not judging the circumstances rightly. They first hesitate to take any necessary action in time as they are afraid, and it emboldens the mischief-makers, and then all of a sudden they blindly use tons of strength, while they could have used a pound of strength, if used in time.

In a word, they allowed matters to go too far before they called a halt. By that time the situation was irretrievably out of hand. Mr. Arthur Moore, a member of the Legislative Assembly, declared in a letter to the *Statesman* on August 14:

The Government only realised that the situation was serious at the end of April. By that time the heather was ablaze. In January the whole movement could have been locked up in one railway carriage. To-day the gaols will not hold the volunteers. In that four months the impetus was gained, the damage done. The powerful minority which voted against Mr. Gandhi at Lahore went over to him months ago, convinced by Government inaction that he was on the road to success and that independence was the true cry.

The stars may fall from Heaven, but the judgment of history will be that the men who, being called upon to keep the Crown's trust, stood idly by while revolution was begun, failed in their duty. Their thoughts were not set on law and order, on protecting the simple citizen, the victim, the villager. They were playing politics, idealistic politics if you like, but politics. . .

The trouble with these idealists was, again, not their ideals, but their disinclination to face realities. On one side were the Indian revolutionaries, inflamed with hatred against the British, backed by Britain's enemies outside India; on the other side were the interests of Great Britain, to which the retention of India as a component part of the Empire was a vital necessity. To reconcile the two was an impossibility. The British had either "to govern or get out." Courage and honesty were the two qualities needed for dealing with the situation, and the attempt to placate the Swarajists by the pretence that the British were in India in order "to prepare the people for self-government"—carrying with it the implication that, as soon as the lesson had been learnt, the British would relinquish all control—was neither honest nor courageous.

Betrayal

The British are not in India for purely philanthropic reasons; they are there, as are all white races in the East, for their own interests, and these interests they have every right to defend. To abandon a country in which Great Britain has sunk untold wealth and which she has developed at the cost of countless precious lives, would be a betrayal of the pioneers who built up her trade in India, and of the industrial population at home which depends on that trade for its means of existence. Is England to make a present of all this, not even to the Indian people, but to a political camarilla, unrepresentative of that people, who have done nothing but insult her and who might then proceed to set up trade barriers against her and to form an alliance with her enemies?

And why should England alone be called upon to make these sacrifices? No other Western Power has shown a disposition to follow suit. But if the principle of colonisation, or the acquisition of overseas possessions by Western races, is to be condemned, if self-government is to become the law in all backward countries, and every land is to be restored to its aboriginal inhabitants, then France must be required to renounce Algeria, Holland to renounce Java, Italy to renounce Tripoli, Spain to renounce Morocco, the Transvaal must be handed back to the Hottentots, and the United States of America to the Red Indians.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6, 13, 20 and 27.

War Peril in the East

The Thunder of the Cannon in Manchuria

By **BENITO MUSSOLINI**

(Premier of Italy)

THE speech delivered by Litvinoff at Moscow on December 29th is the bell of alarm in the situation of the Far East. It is a speech warlike and clearly directed against a possible enemy in the West and a probable enemy in the East. They can easily be identified: Germany and Japan.

The Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs has announced that the "Soviet military forces are increasing continuously," that the U.S.S.R. could make any aggressor lose the desire to *repeat* an attempt of attack."

Speaking of Japan, Litvinoff has declared that "the policy of Japan represents at the present moment the darkest cloud on the international political horizon." The relations between the two nations maintained themselves normally up to the day in which Japan "undertook its military operations in Manchuria."

Accusation

"We," Litvinoff declares, "could not but see in these operations the violation on the part of Japan of a mass of obligations which it had for a long time accepted, on the basis of international accords. The Japanese Government explained these operations with reasons that did not explain anything and did not convince anybody."

The act of accusation against the recent Japanese policy is clear. Litvinoff, continuing, accuses Japan in his speech of having violated the Washington agreement, the pact of the League of Nations, the Kellogg pact, and the Portsmouth Treaty which was confirmed by the Peking accord.

Litvinoff illustrates the violence accomplished by the Japanese, the injury to Russian rights in connection with the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the assembly of troops at the Russian frontier near Manchukuo. Litvinoff

speaks of a "true and real menace at the frontiers," and then explains that Russia has found herself compelled to take the necessary counter-measures of a military order, while Japan, or rather its "military adventurers," have calculated badly, inasmuch as Japan is isolated and the object of a hostile feeling also on the part of that capitalistic world which does not love the U.S.S.R.

Peril of War

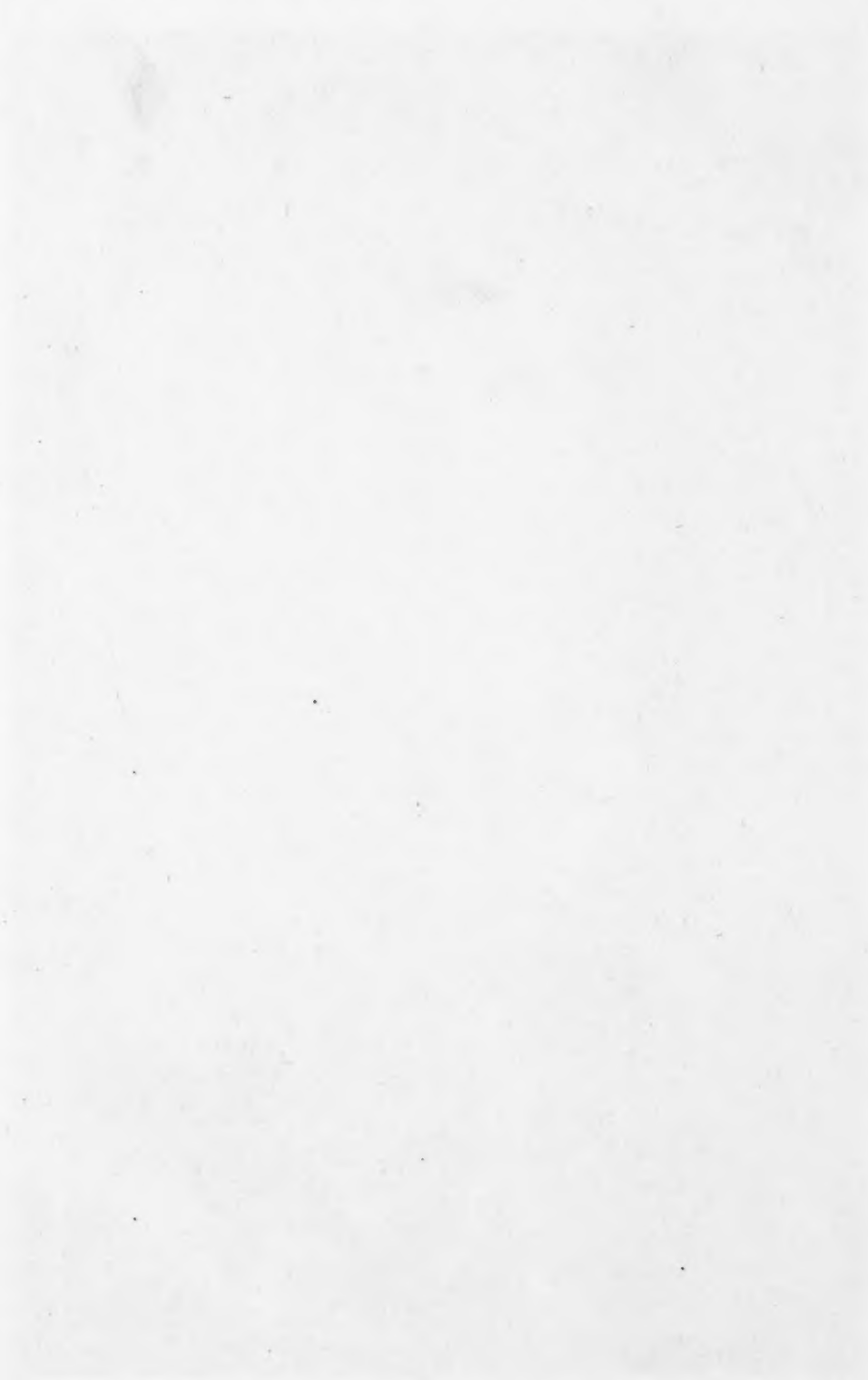
Two armies confront themselves, therefore, at the frontiers between Russia and Manchuria: the peril of war exists. This event does not only interest Russia and Japan: it also involves China and the United States, and directly and indirectly England, France, Italy and Holland.

Let us examine in the light of the facts the principal protagonists of that which may be the great inter-continental drama of to-morrow. There is no doubt that Japan is traversing in this moment a period of "dynamic imperialism." It was from 1860 to 1870 that Japan, though remaining very faithful to its traditions going back thousands of years, absorbed all the progress of western civilisation. To-day, its industrial set-up has nothing to envy in those of the most advanced nations of the West. Highly prolific, the Japanese are a sober people, with strong warlike virtues and an unlimited capacity for sacrifice. Their military forces represent a formidable mass of men and means, on land and on sea.

Future of China

What fate awaits China? In this moment she functions as the stake in the game, but it is a country of great, unforeseen possibilities in the future. There is no doubt that all this immense organism of China is undergoing a profound upheaval. Something is fermenting. One can well foresee a China which reaches in the near future its own strong and centralised statal unity that places an end to the

MUSSOLINI



MUSSOLINI—

The World's Most Benevolent Ruler



He dragged Italy out of the mire of Socialism and in a few years has made it the most successful and prosperous country in Europe.

eternal guerilla warfare of generals in search of glory or of personal fortune; which gives a cohesion to the innumerable masses that compose its population and which draws from these masses also an assembly of military forces which from a numerical viewpoint would be imposing.

It is my conviction that the Chinese, enlisted and trained can become good soldiers. Now, the future of the white civilisation and race in the Far East, the fate of the Pacific, depend on the task that China will assume in the course of the century; can one think of a China functioning against the Japanese? And for how long? It is not absurd to advance other hypotheses, and among these also that of an accord between China and Japan.

Impotence

Who can exclude the possibility that this accord might function as anti-European and anti-American? China is in the right to feel itself bitterly deluded because of what has happened to it. Europe has remained absent; the League of Nations has revealed—even with a report and the dispatching of a Commission—its impotence; in the United States there have simply been journalistic manifestations; Russia has limited itself to asking that Japan buy from it at a price “commercially honest,” according to Litvinoff’s phrase, the Chinese Eastern Railway: all the powers of the West, tormented by their internal economic and political crises, have resigned themselves to the accomplished fact.

The Litvinoff-Roosevelt accord has an importance of its own, but of a prevalently moral nature: it is a warning given to Japan, but nothing authorises the belief that Russians and Americans will fight together if Japan should attack Russia or should proceed to further conquests in China. The truth is that Japan is no longer bound by accords of an international order and has its hands free, be it for peace or for war. The choice depends on Japan.

The pressure of the so-called international public opinion has no influence on a people

with a closed and militaristic psychology such as that of the Japanese, and on the ruling classes which religiously believe in the warlike spirit as the highest expression of virtue in a race. One can also think that after the conquest of Manchukuo Japan has need of a period of reassembling its forces and waiting.

There is no doubt that in these recent times we have been the spectators of a turn of incalculable reach in the history of Asia. East and West: eternal motive of universal history! The East has neared us so brusquely that we feel its contact as a menace. The cannon that thundered in Manchuria resounded in Europe with a singular instantaneousness. It seemed extraordinarily near. Someone, in the meantime, has renewed the thesis of the “Yellow Peril.” The thesis has to-day a much less paradoxical aspect than when it was announced decades ago.

A Phantasy

There does not exist to-day a yellow peril of a politico-military nature; what exists is a driving Japanese competition in all the markets of the world, Europe included. The “Yellow Peril” will always be a phantasy, on the condition that the great powers of the white West realise their political collaboration, on the condition that a “mediation” be attempted, not in the vulgar sense of the word, between the two types of civilisation.

I thought of this in the speech which I delivered recently to Asiatic students reunited in a congress at Rome. I thought of a systematic meeting, of a methodical collaboration of the West with the East, and above all of a profound reciprocal understanding between the university classes, vehicle and instrument for a better comprehension among the peoples.

Rome, as already in the past, can again solve this delicate and extremely important problem, aided by the marvellous rapidity of modern communications which has rendered in a certain sense “pocketable” the entire terraqueous globe.

(World copyright.)

Making Gundogs Efficient

The Influence of Field Trials

By A. Croxton Smith

ARE the gundogs of to-day better, more efficient, and more capable of doing the work demanded of them than they were a century or so ago, when they were in much more general use?

There can be but one answer to the question, I think, and that is in the affirmative, as the Parliamentarians say. Read any of the older authoritative works on the subject, and you will find complaints of the unruliness of the dogs.

Daniel, the sporting parson who wrote "Rural Sports," gets eloquent upon the wildness of some of the strains of spaniels that enjoyed a wide reputation. In the opening pages of General Hutchinson's "Dog Breaking," a classic work that I have read many times, his system is commended as a means of eradicating the faults that were prevalent.

There might be excuse for an amateur breaker failing, but the author could not understand "how a man of property, who keeps a regular game-keeper, can be satisfied with the disorderly, disobedient troop to which he often shoots. Where the gamekeeper is permitted to accompany his master in the field, and hunt the dogs himself, there can be no valid excuse for the deficiency in their education."

Sound Reasoning

At the end of the book is a letter from Mr. J. Lang, the Haymarket gunmaker, dated 1850, begging the General to lend a hand in getting "up a sort of committee of sportsmen (thorough judges) to investigate into the pedigree of dogs, and express their opinion of the make, nose, durability, etc., of the several animals submitted to them; that prizes might be awarded, or stakes hunted for; and books kept of the pedigree of the several competitors, much in the same way as such matters are managed with greyhounds."

I cannot say what influence this letter had in bringing about the introduction of field trials fifteen years later, but most now will be in agreement with the soundness of Mr. Lang's reasoning. He was thinking of pointers and setters only, for at the time he wrote specialised retrievers were scarcely known, and were in the course of being evolved from crosses between setters or spaniels and what was then called the lesser Newfoundland, and is known to-day as the Labrador.

No precise description of the Newfoundland is given by General Hutchinson, but if the illustration in "Stonehenge" is accurate he was a very different dog from the modern Labrador that is all-conquering. He had a good deal of feathering and a longer coat as well as another style of head.

One suspects that the black pointer came into the picture at some time or other, though pure Labradors of the present type have been in

existence for nearly fifty years. The favourite retriever, however, down to the early years of the present century, was the flat-coats, called at one time the wavy, who, no doubt, came from the setter cross.

Naturally, the early trials were for pointers and setters. Those for retrievers and spaniels had to wait until 1899, when a mixed stake for retrievers and spaniels was organised by the International Gundog League, which has done so much admirable service.

The Kennel Club, too, has played its part over many years, and to-day the two bodies, reinforced by a number of other societies are working in unison through the Field Trial Council. Spaniel men were coy at first, not so much that they did not want to have trials as that they could not agree that satisfactory tests were practicable for the variety of work that these general utility dogs were expected to perform.

Importance of Pedigree

When once they got going the difficulties vanished, and to-day trials for retrievers and spaniels far outnumber those for pointers and setters. The arguments in favour of trials seem to be conclusive, though there are still those who consider that they produce circus performers.

Mr. Lang was right in the stress he laid upon the importance of pedigree. The effect of trials has been to produce a race of dogs bred for many generations from working strains. Thus, the cumulative influence is apparent in an all-round improvement. While few men can aspire to shooting over field-trial winners, everyone can procure dogs bred from field-trial strains with an inherited predisposition for work of a high quality.

Field-trial kennels can only concentrate upon the training of a few puppies that appear to show great promise. The others are sold for a moderate figure, and the stud dogs are as a rule available for use to anyone who is prepared to pay a reasonable fee.

That trials themselves afford a branch of sport that is extremely popular is shown by the many that are held in the course of the season. Actually, the season extends through the greater part of the year. The present closes in January with the Spaniel Championship arranged by the Kennel Club, two minor meetings of the Labrador Retriever Club, and two for spaniels.

The new season starts in April with the Kennel Club Derby for Pointer and Setter puppies, and the English Setter Club meeting for the same breeds. Then an interregnum follows until July, and soon after the opening of partridge shooting we are plunged into a welter of trials for retrievers and spaniels.

The Four-and-half Litre Lagonda

A Fast and Docile Sports Car

By Kaye Don

LAGONDA cars, which have been before the public for a number of years, provide an example of what can be achieved in the thoroughbred class at a reasonable price by a British manufacturer. The latest type put out by this firm is the six-cylinder $4\frac{1}{2}$ -litre, and an opportunity of testing the open four-seater model was afforded by Messrs. Carrs, Ltd., of 9, Albemarle Street, W.1. To give general impressions first, the appearance is modern, with the rear seating so arranged that the rear passengers are adequately protected and do not suffer the discomforts usually associated with this position in sporting cars. The lines are graceful, and the driving position is such that it allows for perfect control, with the wheel and gear lever settling themselves in just the right position for comfort. This is a triumph of design, as the position is comfortable for drivers of all builds—a difficult achievement with only one wheel rate setting.

The springing is admirable, and telecontrol Hartford shock absorbers are fitted to both axles, while the adjusting wheels for the telecontrols are placed conveniently under the dash, one axle wheel on each side of the steering column. The advantage of this lay-out lies in the fact that it is possible to adjust the Hartford's while the car is actually in motion, and the springing can be adjusted to suit road conditions as they are encountered.

Easy Dimming

The instrument board carries nothing superfluous and the revolution counter and speedometer have 5-inch dials. The headlamps are Lucas P100 models, which are suitable to driving up to almost any speed, and another feature is the provision of a lamp showing a white beam to the rear for reversing. The dimming arrangement, too, is worthy of mention. This, operated by the left foot, cuts out the head lamps and at the same time puts on a single lamp mounted in the centre of the front axle at the bottom of the radiator.

In the model under review there is a door on the near side only, wide enough to allow passengers to get in or out of the front and rear seats. The top of this door and the corresponding piece of the body on the off side of the car is cut away in the modern style. Two inspection lamps are fitted under the bonnet, a provision which eliminates any annoying groping about in the dark when adjustments are necessary. The larger tools, such as the starting handle, hydraulic jack and jack handle, are also conveniently housed under the bonnet. There is a baggage locker in the boot, while further additional comfort is provided for rear seat passengers by a centre arm rest.

The conditions under which the car were tested were not ideal. It was blowing a gale, and the

roads, while not actually wet, were damp. This is a treacherous combination and, short of actual ice on the road, is the most dangerous with which drivers have to contend. The behaviour of the car, however, can only be described as little short of astounding. Road holding qualities are such that, although considerable speeds were held for long periods, there was no indication of slipping or dancing. This was all the more extraordinary bearing in mind the conditions and the fact that some really fast cornering was carried out. Indeed, the squatting qualities of the chassis on bends at 70 m.p.h. were a revelation in a completely equipped touring body. The brakes are first-class and no further comment is needed.

Cruising Speed

There was no opportunity of exceeding 85 m.p.h. but the car seemed to have plenty in hand at this speed. Seventy-five m.p.h. was easily achieved on third, which is quite silent. Although the car had done some 6,000 miles the engine was very smooth, doing 50 m.p.h. at 2,000 revs. and having a really comfortable cruising speed of 70 m.p.h. Taking everything into consideration this car at £795 is a wonderful production, and should appeal to the motorist wanting a fast, comfortable and docile sports car. The engine has six cylinders with a bore of 88.5 m.m. and a stroke of 120 m.m., giving a capacity of 4,429 c.c., and an R.A.C. rating of 29.13, which means a tax of £30. Overhead valves, operated by push rods, are fitted in a detachable head.

Two ignition systems are used—H.T. magneto and coil. Cooling is effected by a water circulating pump in conjunction with a layer honeycomb radiator and fan. The water temperature is controlled by thermostatically operated shutters. Two carburettors are fed by an electric pump from a 20-gallon tank at the rear of the chassis, and a two-level tap is provided to obviate carrying spare petrol in a can. Lubrication is by forced feed, and the crankshaft is drilled. The clutch is mounted on a steel flywheel and is of single disc fabricated type, which runs dry and has an adjustable clutch brake. The gear-box has four speeds, forward and reverse, with silent thud, while the right-hand change is fitted.

The Plain Girl Protests

This Chinese coloured skull,
If there should come a day when I must ask
"And did this shrivelled withered mask,
Once think, poor fool,
That it was beautiful?"

I shall absolve the poor dry thing from blame.
'Till this dear liar came
With dear Odyssean lies to tell,
I knew quite well
It was not beautiful!

D. COWLIN.

Britain's Air Betrayal

(Reviewed by Clive Rattigan)

THE Government is fully alive both to the importance of air power in this country and to the present relative inferiority of the Royal Air Force in terms of first-line strength. The Government has, in fact, made it its earnest endeavour to secure parity for the principal air Powers at the lowest level at which international agreement can be secured."

Thus our fatuous Prime Minister, in answer to questions in the House of Commons. He also blandly admitted that it was quite true that other Powers, including the Russian Soviet, were busy at the moment increasing their air forces. Doubtless, too, in the Debate that is to follow we shall have the egregious Mr. Ramsay MacDonald repeating the phrases the Socialist mind is so fond of, notably that "the Covenant of the League of Nations is the corner-stone of British policy."

Yet, if anything is certain, it is, as General Groves' very timely book, "Behind the Smoke Screen," so vividly and forcibly brings home to us, that the League is by no means the corner-stone of the policy of any other Great Power.

General Groves is no mere alarmist; he has every sympathy for the cause of universal peace if it can ever be attained; he has even proposals of his own for an Air World control. But he has studied the whole disarmament question so closely, both in extensive travels on the Continent and behind the scenes at Geneva, that he is unable to blind himself to the real facts of the situation.

Unpalatable Truth

He is, in short, a realist who sadly acknowledges to himself that the things that one would wish are not the things that are; that force still rules the world and that political and military power are interchangeable terms. The march of events since 1918 serves only to reaffirm this unpalatable truth.

Throughout that period force has been the final arbiter of the possession of territories and the destinies of peoples. Recent examples of the first are the present ownership of Fiume and Vilna; and of the second, the events in Turkey, Russia, Italy, Portugal, Spain and, more recently, Manchuria and Jehol."

If, therefore, Britain's avowed policy of political appeasement in Europe is to be achieved, this fundamental truth must be borne in mind. "No progress towards general disarmament can be expected if Britain, the mainstay of the League of Nations, be weakened in advance of and relatively to the rest of the world."

Britain's historic insular immunity has been swept away by the advent of air power, and those who would advocate for her a policy of splendid isolation are apt to forget this fact. Any major European conflict, from which we abstained, would still leave us the principal sufferers from it; our

trade would be seriously affected and our food supplies jeopardised. We have vital interests in Europe, and we cannot turn away from it.

Our backing for our diplomacy has in the past been sea power, and we still rely on it. But if the Navy can still look after the safety of our commerce on the high seas and assist in securing for us the co-operation, when needed, of the Dominions, it cannot any longer, insists General Groves, be regarded as "England's sure shield." It cannot protect us from aerial bombardment nor, by itself, safeguard our merchant shipping in home waters or ports or the arrival of food supplies.

Influence of Force

It is because our political and military leaders have failed altogether to realise the immensity of the change that air power has brought about in the military and naval situation that Britain to-day can boast so little influence in the councils of Europe.

The whole politico-economic complex of civilisation is in peace time constantly influenced by the armed forces in the background. . . The peace-time influence of force is proportionate not only to the size and nature of the force, but to its readiness for and speed in action. In peace, as in war, force which obviously cannot be brought to bear quickly is apt to be discounted.

And, as General Groves proceeds to show, our political and military pastors and masters have deliberately given the world proof of our inability to apply this sudden force, if it were ever wanted. We have progressively fallen from first to sixth place among the Air Powers of the world; and, not only have we reduced our Air Force to miserable dimensions, we have shamefully neglected civil aviation as well, and so lack facilities for the immediate expansion of our air strength, such as it is.

We are told of the useless throwing away of young lives, pilots being hurried off to France before they had attained the minimum of efficiency and forced to acquire their skill by flying over the German lines. And, though this was to a very great extent a war of munitions, the High Command in France would not consent to any weakening of their air squadrons for the purpose of the strategic bombardment of the enemy's munition factories.

A squadron of 500 bombers, devoted solely to strategic bombardment, "could quickly have reduced the whole German munitions production system in these areas to chaos" and incidentally held up the submarine menace, since one of the factories referred to produced two-thirds of the submarine accumulators. Yet this strategic bombardment was strenuously opposed at H.Q.

So much for the military mind, which General Groves would have us believe is still very slow to perceive the obvious when it conflicts with cherished traditions. As for the politicians, General Groves notes a significant difference be-

New Novels

Mr. Linklater's Triumph

MR. LINKLATER has written a grand and exuberant book.* There is laughter enough in its pages to satisfy even the most exacting demand for humour. But "Magnus Merriman" is not just a funny book. There is satire, admirably and justly pointed and passages that will make you catch your breath for their evocative beauty. It is in this respect that Mr. Linklater stands out as a novelist *par excellence*. His swiftly changing moods, from burlesque and honest vulgarity to beauty, from biting satire to humour again, are almost bewildering in the rapidity with which they merge one into the other, so that our interest is never allowed to flag. Each page is an adventure, to be read through carefully, so that not one word of the precious story is allowed to slip our comprehension.

Wit and Satire

One the whole, though, "Magnus Merriman" does not quite reach the heights of pure humour which characterised "Juan in America." There is more wit and satire in this book, it is true, but satire is a very different thing from humour and often our laughter is tinged with malicious enjoyment where a pointed shaft gets home on a character but thinly disguised.

Still, "Magnus Merriman" is a very lovable character. His passage through these pages is full of adventure, drink, women, and grand strivings towards lofty ideals which seem to crumble just before realisation. And in the end—but it would be unfair to Mr. Linklater to reveal the retribution which Fate has in store for Magnus.

It is enough to say that "Magnus Merriman" stands head and shoulders above the majority of modern novels and to read it is an experience which but seldom comes our way.

Mr. Dennis's autobiographical novel** is a valiant attempt to recapture the atmosphere of his schoolboy youth. It is a grim story, for "Bloody Mary's" was a grim school, but there are delightful flashes of humour to leaven the sordidness. One character stands out, that of "Oom Paul" the headmaster. Feared and hated, loved and revered, savage, unjust, overbearing and proud, yet at times even pathetic, he dominates these pages just as surely as he dominated "Bloody Mary's." Mr. Dennis has drawn his character with the sureness of touch which reveals the master novelist. His book has a great deal of power and a great deal of interest.

The remaining two novels are both worth putting on your library list. "Gingerbread House" is a spirited story about a family, half Russian, half Irish, who come to England shortly before the war. The mixture of blood is responsible for rather a mixed bag of characters.

The plot of "The Salic Law" is laid in the Balkans. There is movement in plenty and a

good story which works up to a most satisfactory climax. Miss Villiers has captured the glamour of Ruritania in her romance and her book is a very effective piece of writing. For anyone who cares for a good, honest novel in the romantic style, I can recommend "The Salic Law."

Magnus Merriman. By Eric Linklater. Jonathon Cape. 7s. 6d.

Bloody Mary's. By Geoffrey Dennis. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Gingerbread House. By Eileen Bigland. Barker. 7s. 6d.

The Salic Law. By Katherine Villiers. Fenland Press. 7s. 6d.

Britain's Air Betrayal

(Continued)

tween Churchill as Air Minister and Churchill as writer and seer. What as Air Minister Mr. Churchill never discovered, he has since assimilated through the keenness of his own intellect and the sanity of his own unaided judgment. Hence to-day he fully realises what air power means.

Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, may be able to deliver us a moving speech on the possible horrors of an aerial bombardment, but it is not so certain that he is as conscious of the precariousness of Britain's present position as Mr. Churchill seems to be. And certainly it was during Mr. Baldwin's Premiership, from 1925 to 1929, that Britain sank from second to fifth Air Power. The politician, however, primarily at fault General Groves holds to have been Sir Samuel Hoare, who was Air Minister from 1924 to 1929 and who deliberately kept Parliament and the country in the dark, all the time camouflaging the decline in our air strength by plausible speeches.

General Groves warns us against any delusion that international "Rules of War" will prevent attack being made on civil populations. He shows by ample quotation from Continental authorities that all of them are agreed that the "*guerre totale* involves and justifies general destruction." In the last war cities were bombed, and they will certainly be bombed again in any future war. The carrying power of aeroplanes has been greatly increased since the War, and enormous progress has been made in research into the possibilities and scope of chemical warfare.

"Whereas in the late war some 300 tons were dropped in this country by the Germans, air forces to-day could drop almost the same weight in the first 24 hours, and continue this scale of attack indefinitely"—so said the complacent Sir Samuel Hoare as Air Minister in 1926, and he was guilty of no exaggeration. The 30 tons of bombs actually dropped on London during the War caused 1,880 casualties. Proportionately, 600 tons would result in some 37,600 casualties.

Behind the Smoke Screen. By Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves. Faber & Faber.

Hitler's Plans for Germany

Wickham Steed and the
"Iron Chancellor"

THIS book* reproduces a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Wickham Steed two or three months ago at King's College, London, in his capacity as "Lecturer on Central European History." The publication is timely, not only because Hitler is at the moment the most dramatic figure on the European stage, but because Mr. Steed is himself specially qualified by his intimate knowledge of Central Europe to offer just such a searching study as this of the origins of Hitlerism, its aims and methods, and probable outcome.

It is the outcome of Hitlerism—the great interrogation, "Whither, Hitler?"—that, like it or not, concerns all of us most closely, as indeed a glance at our papers any morning must show even the most thoughtless. But no forecast will be well-based unless there is a thorough understanding beforehand of the way in which Hitlerism came about and developed—the Whence of Hitler.

This means getting as full an account as possible of the early and later formative years of the man. To a very considerable extent Hitler has supplied, either directly or indirectly, this information in his now famous book, *Mein Kampf*. In Germany a whole literature is growing up around the person of "the Leader," as was, of course, inevitable.

Early Days

After an introductory chapter on the "Nordic Legend," which Mr. Steed rightly states is the essence of Hitlerism, all "true believers" regarding it as an evangel of redemption, as well as of German superiority, he proceeds to consider the beginnings of the Nazi movement as disclosed in the opening pages (not in the English version) of *Mein Kampf*, which deal with the childhood, youth and early manhood of Hitler and the pressure on him of the political, religious and social environment of the Austria of that time—1889-1912.

During these years Hitler became an ardent German nationalist, with a profound detestation of Marxist Socialism, a deep conviction that Parliamentarism was an "un-German abortion," and a fixed belief in Pan-Germanism and Anti-Semitism. These were for the most part hard and bitter years for him, and the privations he endured undoubtedly helped him to understand the masses.—and play on them later, as on an instrument perfectly responsive to the master's touch.

Hitler hated the Austrian State, and, a chance coming his way in 1912, he gladly transferred himself to Munich, a true German city, which, he was sure, Vienna was not. Two years later he was fighting in the War as a private in a Bavarian regiment, and he fought well and bravely, being decorated for valour. Personally, I have never doubted that Hitler is a man of great courage—

and not only in the field, as recent events make quite clear. I count him truly formidable.

I can well remember being told, in the summer of 1932, by one of the foremost of Continental statesmen that Hitler was nothing more than a clever and unscrupulous demagogue, and that he would soon vanish from the scene. The falling off in the number of votes he obtained in the second General Election of that year seemed to confirm that statement, but within three months afterwards Hitler was supreme! And look at what he has since achieved—*Kolossal!*

How did he get his first effects? Mr. Steed says:

"When Hitler made up his mind to become a politician, he resolved to find ways and means of transmitting to others the species of persecution mania from which he had long been suffering as a member of the German race. This mania began in the overheated Austrian racial atmosphere of his boyhood and youth and was aggravated by the downfall of Germany at the end of the War. A morbid temperament, nervous to the point of hysteria, led him to dramatise himself as the Heaven-sent saviour of his people, a man with a divine mission. The power of mass-suggestion, which he afterwards developed to a high degree of efficiency, was already latent in him."

He believed in an intensive propaganda—one of his ideas was that the Allies had won the War because of their propaganda, on which, he maintains, they spent "unheard of sums." Mr. Steed replies to this fantastic statement that the actual cost of British propaganda was only £70,000 in all, at a time when Britain was expending £7,000,000 a day. Anyhow, it was in propaganda, with mass bands and much calculated theatrical display, that Hitler found the means to the end in view: the awakening of Germany. It took years, but the thing was done, and to all appearance thoroughly done. And the upshot—what? Peace or War?

It is to the answer to this question that Mr. Steed devotes his final chapter. With respect to Hitler's main objective, Mr. Steed thinks that, despite his pacific professions and protestations, *war underlies his whole conception of German foreign policy.*

Then, what about France, what about England? Mr. Steed concludes his book with a warning that Hitlerism, while willing to use one State against the other, threatens both. 'Tis so! R.M.

* *Hitler, Whence and Whither?* By Wickham Steed. Nisbet. 3s. 6d.

India—"The White Paper"

The Paper that was white is black
With thumbing—Heaven save the mark
So it identifies the pack
Who broke the safe, who fired the spark—
Thus Time, that vengeance wields, shall know
Whose traitor hands have dealt the blow.

SENEC.

A Book for Soldiers and Strategists

The Ghost of Napoleon

CAPTAIN LIDDELL-HART, who has earned a high reputation as a writer on military matters, has given us in "The Ghost of Napoleon" a most interesting and entertaining work on the influence of the Great Napoleon upon the strategy and tactics of military leaders in the Great War.

Captain Liddell-Hart reminds us that the French army underwent no improvement whatever in arms, equipment or tactics (the science of war) during the Napoleonic era—the drill-book of 1791 remaining the drill-book of 1830—and he emphasises the point that Buonaparte was responsible for the suppression of the balloon-detachment in the French corps of engineers, which would, had it still existed, have revealed the weakness of the English at Quatrebras, during the early hours of the day; saved Grouchy from pursuing Blücher to the east on 17th June, 1815, when that wily old Prussian had really retreated to the north, and might have completely changed the history of the Waterloo campaign.

Puzzle of Genius

Befogged by his "Legend" Napoleon Buonaparte's true career is a puzzle to modern military students, because some of his campaigns, those for instance in Italy in 1796, at Ulm and Austerlitz in 1805 and in France in 1814, are the work of a genius, whereas others, such as the invasion of Russia in 1812, the operations on the Elbe (Dresden and Leipsic) and the campaign of Waterloo after the 16th June, are contemptible, unworthy of a Sandhurst cadet or an aspirant at the *Ecole Polytechnique*.

It is now known by military students, and amongst them Captain Liddell-Hart is most prominent, that Buonaparte learned tactics and strategy from du Tiel who suggested to him the study of Bourcet and Guibert.

Bourcet had been chief of the staff to Maillebois in Italy from 1744 to 1746 and was himself a masterly writer on the science and the art of war. Moreover, his influence on the young Buonaparte in every movement of the famous army of Italy has impressed all modern military students.

Desaix won Marengo for Napoleon when the battle was lost, Davoust deserves most of the credit for the much vaunted triumph of Jena, and the Archduke Charles inflicted a heavy defeat on Napoleon at Aspern in 1809. At the passage of the Niemen in 1812, the French lost 10,000 horses before a shot had been fired at them by the enemy, and the Russians counted 243,000 corpses of Napoleon's army and 123,000 of his dead horses after the retreat from Moscow; so great indeed was the loss of horses, that in 1813 and 1814 the French army had practically no cavalry!

At Waterloo, Napoleon commanded the same number of troops as at Austerlitz where his front

occupied ten kilometres; nevertheless, at Waterloo he only operated on a front of four kilometres; his cavalry rode over his infantry and his whole force was crowded into so ridiculously small a space that they were fore-doomed to defeat, as surely as were the Romans at Cannae and for the very same reason too.

Comparisons

Napoleon never excelled in retreat, retrogression with him meant *saute qui peut*, and we can discern nothing in his career which can compare with Wellington's retreats to Torres Vedras and from Burgos, or Joffre's retirement from Charleroi to the Marne without loss of *moral* in 1914, though in this latter instance we venture to challenge Captain Liddell-Hart's well-known prejudices.

In the art of war, it is doubtful whether Napoleon were as great a general as Luxembourg or Villars, he was certainly their inferior in its science; and he was emphatically inferior both in its art and science to Turenne and Maurice de Saxe, to whose genius Captain Liddell-Hart pays tribute.

To Napoleon, Italian was a more familiar language than French, and in his many vulgar squabbles with his family, he used to lapse into Italian; his handwriting was bad; that of an ill-educated man, and it is questionable whether he could speak or write French as grammatically as his great rival Wellington wrote it. Napoleon always used to sign his name Buonaparte in the Italian manner, only dropping the u, by way of Frenchifying it, at the age of 33 years. It is worthy of note that the Buonapartes are responsible for the only three occasions on which Paris has been invaded by the enemy since the days of Saint Joan, in 1814, and 1815, under Napoleon the Great and in 1871 when Napoleon the Little was the culprit.

HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

Stage and Age

HARRIET HENRY gives us quite a well-written novel,* carrying the reader through a series of interesting incidents to a satisfying and happy climax.

The story revolves round Claire, a clever and fascinating actress, plagued by the consciousness of her 41 years; Ivor, her young and exceptionally nice Editor-husband, and Kit, her step-daughter (her first husband's daughter), a very charming young artist.

Claire is unable to choose between her career, which necessitates drifting into middle age in her stage parts, and the love of her young husband, which she imagines will suffer on the realisation of her advancing years.

Her problem is solved for her. The young people fall in love with each other. Divorce offers the key to the situation.

R.F.

* *Touch Us Gently*. By Harriet Henry. Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d.

The Theatre

By Prince Nicolas Galitzine

BOTH from the point of "Saturday's Children" and from the way it was acted, one can draw the same conclusion—Tradition is a great help in the world.

The story, rather spoilt by unnecessary spinning out, concerns itself with the tribulations of an irresponsible young married couple. The fault seems to lie with the girl, whose romantic age is not content with ordinary marriage, but wants only a lover. She is scared by the "period of adjustment," that is to say her first squabbles and trials, so she runs away to a boarding house. The boy follows, and, it seems, settles her doubts by clandestinely entering her bedroom at night through the window! One wonders, had they been a few years older when contemplating matrimony, would there have been any story?

Dorothy Hyson plays the girl. A big part, but in comparison with Barbara Gott, as the boarding house keeper, who has about half a dozen lines to say, she does not make a big impression. A few years of really hard training would help her to express any given character and learn to move, instead of tottering and rambling about the stage. As it is, she is too obviously "society" in the middle-class family at the Westminster. Joyce Barbour's performance is excellent. She is amusing, filled with good humour, and in her character of the hard-boiled elder sister manages to get the last ounce out of her part, at the same time giving the audience the gratifying feeling of being benign fellow conspirators promoting the welfare of that rather annoying couple the O'Neill's. Edward Irwin, however, has the most interesting part. To be an old-fashioned father and preach modernity is no easy task, but old Mr. Clark is sweetly pathetic and cynical at the same time, when he ascribes to Man three periods: love, money and religion.

Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Westminster Theatre.

Girls at School

One hopes that the limited run of "Hemlock" at the Kingsway Theatre will either be prolonged or another more permanent home found for this interesting production. The loose ineptly knit material of this play deals very sincerely and deeply with the groping of adolescent psychology. Taking an American college for girls as its location, it depicts the difficulties a young, hardworking student has to face at the time of dawning sex-consciousness in complete segregation. It shows how such treatment of girls approaching their twenties can only spell disaster to both sensitive and coarse souls alike. Holding no brief for co-education, America's national scholastic achievement, the audience is left to draw its own conclusions.

Jean Shephard, playing the sensitive, highly strung heroine, and aided by Beryl Measor, Julia

Hart (cleverly portraying the bad girl and centre storm of the play) Marguerite Young and others—is very successful in creating a school atmosphere full of endeavour, fun, doubts and "beaux." Other characters are well and definitely drawn, especially the domineering figure of the College Dean, admirably represented by Margaret Scudamore, and Henry Latimer's interpretation of a self-opinionated Middle West father.

Hemlock. By Underwood. Kingsway Theatre.

"Clive of India"

LIKE the great hero of their drama, the authors and producer of this play have been quick to seize upon opportunity. In the hour of White Paper demolition of the British Raj in India it was certainly an opportune moment for presenting a play in which the founder of that Raj comes to life again and reveals to us in no uncertain fashion the courage and resolution that went to the achieving of that empire.

And in one other direction, too, full advantage has been taken of opportunity—the choice of Leslie Banks for the namepart when it was found he could be spared from his film work. Certainly no other actor could have looked and filled the part better; the make-up is truly a remarkable reproduction of the Clive known to us from contemporary pictures. True, the hyper-critical may note some minor discrepancies—the lack of inches in stature, and differences in mouth and nose—but these things are soon forgotten under the influence of Leslie Banks' superb acting.

Here is the real Clive, in all his moods and in all the stages of his career. The moroseness, the nervous energy, the reckless courage that won for Clive in India the still-remembered soubriquet of *Sabut-Jung* (daring in war), the contempt for pompous authority, the firm belief in his "star" even when most conscious of his isolation, the fierce flaming patriotism that would admit no obstacle to his high purpose and that would even stoop to matching low cunning against Oriental guile, these are all caught or suggested for us, as, too, the perpetual struggle between public duty and domestic obligations; while at the end we have the mere shadow of a forceful personality awaiting the verdict of a hostile Parliament. Apart from actual battles the authors have given us a full history of the man, sparing us the final tragedy and ending with a scene in which Chatham conveys to Clive a gracious message of thanks from his Sovereign.

And having employed the term "superb" for Leslie Banks' performance as Clive one is sorely tempted to use it again for Gillian Lind's quiet and restrained, but exceedingly convincing interpretation of her part as the much-tried wife of Clive. These two make the play a play to stir the heart of every man and woman, proud of their race and their great traditions. C.B.R.

Clive of India. By W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney. Wyndham's Theatre.

Festival of Music

By Herbert Hughes

AMATEURS of music have been in clover during the last week or two. With Furtwängler at the head of his Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, playing to packed houses, Bruno Walter directing the London Philharmonic, Hans Weisbach piloting the London Symphony through the charted mazes of *Die Kunst der Fuge* and these emotional events more or less coinciding with the visits of Moriz Rosenthal, Simon Barer, Artur Schnabel and the Pro Arte Quartet to say nothing of the omnipresent B.B.C.—all these accumulated events have given something like a festival air to London during cold and nasty days.

Simply as playing, the Berliners' form has been sheer perfection. They have seemed incapable of fault. Their obedience to every whim of their conductor has all the goose-step precision of the Germans of pre-war caricature. Regarded as interpretation of great music it has, of course, its dangers. As the years pass Herr Furtwängler does not become less like a prima donna. Having brought this machine so marvellously into control he is clearly more concerned with its performance than with the music performed. Beethoven is not always Beethoven, but Beethoven submitted to an extraneous and somewhat libellous discipline. Similarly with other classics this conductor sets out to "interpret." Schubert was so submitted on Sunday at the Albert Hall. The *Unfinished* was played with exquisite artistry, but the opening bars were played so very softly that many people in the hall simply could not hear the music, and some confessed to me that, with their eyes momentarily turned away from the platform, they were unaware the Symphony had started on its way. This was a typical case of rather childish exaggeration; irritating, too, when one is aware that the composer's own markings are deliberately flouted.

Sincerity

Bruno Walter has none of these tricks. He is orthodox and—though the two qualities do not always go together—he is sincere. Only sincerity added to competence could, for example, have resulted in such a performance of the No. 7 of Beethoven as the Royal Philharmonic Society listened to the other evening. Here was something in which the will of the conductor coincided with the will of his players—and with the will of Beethoven. I have not always greatly admired Herr Walter's conducting of Wagner at Covent Garden; it has been, I think, over-praised, perhaps for factional reasons; but his work at the Philharmonic the other evening was definitely first-rate in spite of that most curious fault of a bad "beat."

If he were to conduct the National Anthem, for example, you would find that his down-beat was so resilient and quick that his singers were actually one beat behind. His baton was generally, in other words, a beat ahead. The miracle is that Walter with this definite embarrassment inflicted on his players achieves such fine results. When he comes to this country he is lucky to find players



EN PASSANT

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so intelligent and sympathetic that they can overlook his idiosyncrasies and read his mind.

Who was the gentleman who first said that comparisons were odious? If I have ever known, I have forgotten; and anyway, I disagree. Within the last few days I have listened to two great pianists; one was Simon Barer and the other Moriz Rosenthal. Herr Barer came here preceded by a modest propaganda and was greeted, after his first recital, by immoderate praise. I did not find any difficulty in admiring his playing and his immense technique. The difference, the comparison, between Barer and Rosenthal is the difference between a pianist who lives for technique and a pianist who has so simple a mind that technique is the handmaiden of any art.

Rosenthal, to-day a veteran, has that simple mind. Barer cares for the other thing. His athletic joy in the *Etudes Symphoniques* of Schumann was something one felt and sympathised with; but the poetry of Schumann, as the poetry of Chopin in the *Ballade* in F minor was missing.

On the other hand Rosenthal, at the Wigmore, gave us everything that Chopin and Liszt and the others wanted us to have. Those of us who know our Rosenthal, who remembered that he was a pupil of Mikuli who was a pupil of Chopin; who was also a pupil of Liszt; who remember that his virtuosity was the talk of Europe half-a-century ago—those of us who remember these things are deeply conscious of his quality, of his authority, of his real artistic prestige.

Correspondence

The Saar Minerals

SIR,—The *Evening Standard* on the 15th inst., in an article on the Saar, makes the following statement: "The main importance of the Saar Basin is as a coal-field, producing coal which is peculiarly suitable for use in smelting the French iron."

Now, sir, I believe this is quite the reverse of the truth. In his book, "The Saar Question, a Disease Spot in Europe," Mr. Sidney Osborne, on page 99, makes the following statement: "Most of the coal of the Saar area is not suitable for coke production (coke being required in the smelting industry)."

I believe the Saar coal is only suitable for domestic purposes, and it has to be mixed with Westphalian coal when used for smelting. HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY.

84, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.8

[Our correspondent is quite correct. By an irony of fate, the Saar coal does not combine with the Saar ore.—ED., S.R.]

The White Paper

SIR,—I am a regular subscriber to your Review, and note with pleasure that you advocate your policy with courage and determination, qualities sadly lacking in our Political Leaders.

If Lady Houston with her usual energy could take up the cause of the economic national development of Great Britain and the Empire and fight the malevolent influence of the Money power which has so great a hold over Liberal Politicians and some so called Conservative Politicians, she would be rendering a great service to the Empire.

The Economic Problem is more important than any other problem and is at the root of all our troubles. The Nation is in the grip of the International Financiers, who are not patriotic and have a tremendous influence in Great Britain and the Empire.

As far as India is concerned her tragedy is that she is being plunged into political turmoil by the introduction in the provinces of democratic institutions based on the British model, for which she is by temperament and experience totally unsuited. And, into a paper Federation of States before the democratic States have become stabilised, or are even in existence, with no historical background for such a Federation, which experience has shown has been the condition necessary prior to Federation in other countries. Also, as far as one can see, no statutory arrangement has been agreed to, whereby all trade and communications between the Federated States shall be absolutely free, a condition fundamental to the success of any Federation.

T. GAVIN JONES.

19, Cantonments, Cawnpore.

[The question is no longer one of statesmanship but of personal pride. The Government have gone too far now to retrace their steps. They are willing, it appears, to sacrifice India in order to keep their jobs.—ED., S.R.]

The Future of India

SIR,—I am dismayed when I read in the recent English papers the views of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Baldwin and Mr. Lansbury on the future policy of India. They give one the impression that they are discussing a subject which none of them seem to understand. In my opinion a catastrophe is impending. The wiseacres mentioned above believe that when this British Raj disappears some predominant Indian Race will step into its shoes and govern as ably as the late Raj. This is mad delusion and is confirmed by the history of India. If we study this history we discover that no predominant Indian Race has ever appeared which cherished the delusion that it could govern this sub-continent. And in this context we must remember the aphorism of George Washington: "Governments are never based on rhetoric or eloquence, but on Force." If we reflect on this we realise that no race has appeared which cherished the ambition that it could provide an adequate army and navy to maintain law and order and guard the

frontiers. Therefore, the conclusion is inevitable that when the British Raj disappears, another foreign Raj will take its place.

Before I conclude I would like to repeat the words of a Mohammedan friend: "We Mohammedans are now convinced that the British people are abandoning their rule over India. We shall then appeal to the Mohammedan world to assist us to place a Muslim in the vacant Moghul throne at Delhi. But we fear that our enterprise will not be so successful as in the past. There is some affinity between the religions of the Hindus and the Japanese. They will appeal to Japan and Japan with its powerful army and navy will respond and invade India. And God only knows what part and how much of India will be left to Mohammedans. But we have no doubt what will happen to our late Rulers. They will lose power and prestige as far East as Hong-kong and the Japanese will dominate also the trade routes between Aden and Australia."

And yet the twaddle continues. The wiseacres at home say "Let India govern itself," quite forgetting that there is no political entity, India, and such an entity will never arise. F. LINCOLN.

Carlton Hotel, Lucknow, India.

[The intervening danger apart from any consideration of foreign interference is one which has been completely overlooked by Sir Samuel Hoare and Co.—ED., S.R.]

Insanity's Annual Increase

SIR,—"Hopeful" is right. A system of mental treatment must be devised *wholly apart from lunacy administration*. In no other way can the vicious circle be broken. In his recent broadcast, the Dean of Exeter referred to our inherent distrust of bureaucracy.

We understand that in the Truebridge case, the father's petition (on behalf of his daughter) to the Home Secretary has been referred back to the Lunacy Control Board. But such a course resembles reference of a complaint to a headmaster, concerning the conduct of an assistant, back to that assistant!

The above case emphasises that whatever the merits or demerits of sterilisation, it is essential not to put the cart before the horse, and to first recast the existing code. "Unshakable sanity" demands intelligent differentiation between idiocy and idiosyncrasy.

Asylums run for private profit should be abolished. The traffic in mental sickness should be made illegal and, if the stigma associated with insanity is to be removed, treatment must be provided for early nervous cases, entirely apart from lunacy control—just as physical ills are dealt with apart from the most malignant forms of disease. To cut off the supply is the surest way of making headway in this matter.

The lunacy code should be "entirely recast," as was, in fact, recommended by the Royal Commission. The soundest economy in the long run would be to provide for mental hospitals which are hospitals not only in name but in nature.

FRANCIS J. WHITE.

Secretary.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR
LUNACY LAW REFORM.

Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row,
London, W.C.1.

[We wish we had space to print some of the other letters we have received on this question. The volume of correspondence indicates a widespread demand for Reform of the Lunacy Laws.—ED., S.R.]

Seaham and the Conservatives

SIR,—It should be easy for any Conservative reading the speech of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Seaham to appreciate the extreme danger which he involves to the Conservative Party. His whole harangue was an attempt to make "mob-oratory bricks" with National Government straw, and obviously this was not good enough for many of his listeners, who had no use for the vote-catching appeals made to them. The Prime Minister dropped a very inconvenient brick when he said to his interrupters that "many thousands who sacrificed their lives that

others might live were inspired by that at which you have sneered."

In view of Mr. MacDonald's war record, this was a piece of clumsy effrontery which failed to produce that sentimental slobber which forms so large a part of this demagogue's make-up.

Mr. MacDonald has had a fulsomely adulatory Press for the past two and a half years, but the best Press in the world could never succeed in eliminating the conviction, amounting to a certainty in the minds of the majority of the electorate that Mr. MacDonald joined the "National" Government because "the going was good" and because the Central Office and 471 Conservative M.P.'s were weak and short-sighted enough to allow it.

There is one advantage, and one only, to be gained from speeches of the Prime Minister, and it is that the more he makes of them the sooner will everybody in Britain recognise him for what he actually is.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

59, Welbeck Street, London, W.1.

Lord Portsea of Portsmouth

SIR,—Last week's issue of the *Saturday Review* stated that Sir Bertram Falle has taken the title of "Portsmouth of Portsea": the title is "Portsea of Portsmouth."

The title of Portsmouth—first held by the Duchess of Portsmouth and Duchesse d'Aubigny, mother of the 1st Duke of Richmond—is now held by the Earls of Portsmouth, and only by express permission of that family could such a title be suggested or granted. The "tag," as the "Saturday" calls it, "of Portsmouth" is common to both ancient and modern baronies—and I am assured has nothing territorial about it; it is a link of affectionate remembrance of many years' service in a great city, and is rarely used save to distinguish similar titles.

Old titles, such as Byron of Rochdale (1648), Zouche of Harynworth (1808), Carteret of Hawnes (1681), Spencer of Althorpe (1760), almost invariably have the "tag."

Garret King at Arms "considers" the suggestions of a new Peer and advises, and then the new title goes before a higher authority for "sanction."

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The Cinema Ancient and Modern

By Mark Forrest

"LITTLE Women," that sentimental classic of young American womanhood which is still given by all nice mothers to all nice daughters over there and is bandied about over here as well, has been made into a picture. Mr. Cukor, the director, has been at great pains to reproduce the period, circa 1865, and has handled the book with such care that he has omitted scarcely any treacly trifle from this mountain of lump sugar.

Miss Alcott's house is preserved in America as a museum so that Mr. Cukor's task was the easier on that account, but he has made full use of his advantage and the fidelity of the atmosphere will appeal to those for whom the story has little or no interest. In his eagerness, however, to omit nothing the director has made the film at least half an hour too long—a distressing business when Katherine Hepburn's strident voice is the apex of the entertainment.

I do not know why it is necessary to be raucous in order to be boyish, but evidently Katherine Hepburn thinks so, for she made the same mistake when she played Sidney in "The Bill of Divorcement." I had hoped that with "Morning Glory" she had put her stridency away. Apart from her voice, her characterisation of Jo is an excellent piece of work, overshadowed towards the end of the film by yet another charming performance by Paul Lukas in the part of the professor.

The other three sisters are adequately played by Joan Bennett, Francis Dee and Jean Parker. Joan Bennett is especially well cast, but I do not wonder that the father of this family spent his time at the wars; he must have been glad to escape from such an overwhelming atmosphere.

"The Invisible Man," at the Tivoli, owes its success to the trick photography of Mr. Frank Williams. The dialogue and the scenario which Mr. Sheriff has devised for Mr. Well's story are wooden and only hold one's interest spasmodically, but the gradual disappearances and reappearances of the inventive assistant are managed with a skill that keeps one continually guessing how the miracles are performed.

I have it on the authority of Mr. Whale, the director, that the shot which caused the most trouble is, the last one in the film when the invisible man, having been wounded, is dying. As he dies he gradually resumes visibility. The difficulty of bringing Claude Rains from the abstract to the concrete is accomplished very successfully, and the rest of the apparently insuperable obstacles are also cleared without any faltering. For instance, the invisible man only comes into sight when he is clothed, when he is naked he cannot be seen at all. The sight of a shirt or a pair of trousers dancing about apparently caused two or three women to faint at the trade show; I found it all very amusing, except when Mr. Sheriff began to get dramatic.

Little Women. Directed by George Cukor. Regal.
The Invisible Man. Directed by James Whale. Tivoli.

Gold and the Crisis

Trade Depression and Bank Balance Sheets

[By Our City Editor]

AFTER the recent minor "boom," Stock Markets have quietened down, and some sections have assumed a dull tone, though the undertone in most departments remains strong. Gilt-edged keep remarkably steady and, as yet, there is no sign of the dearer money era, which will cause sales of British Funds to raise the yield level to something considerably above its present $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. basis. Home Rails have ceased to "boom" pending the announcement by the four groups of their results for 1933, and though there have been some active Foreign bonds, the market is always under the influence of exchange difficulties. Industrials, though over-valued, appear more likely to reach higher prices than to suffer any material decline and in the speculative sections Oils have received some well-deserved attention, while Rubber shares are a good "gamble" prior to the announcement expected shortly of agreement on a scheme for the restriction of production. But the questions and doubts affecting all these sections pale into insignificance beside the all important question, "What to do with gold shares?"

In the Melting Pot

Questions of taxation in the various gold-producing countries have assumed minor importance beside the doubt as to the future of gold with the leading currencies of the world in the melting-pot. The latest French crisis raised once again the doubt as to whether France can remain on the gold standard and, in the event of her leaving it, as to what would determine the sterling price for gold. But gold is no magic substance and as a commodity, depends for its price upon supply and demand. The latter is a very consistent one, stimulated of late by the American purchases of the metal. The highest currency authorities do not advocate complete abandonment of gold as a monetary standard; they urge only modification, and meanwhile, above all things, it has to be remembered what huge reserves of gold are held by France, America and Britain in the vaults of their Central Banks or Treasuries. The United States has already written down the dollar in terms of gold to 60 cents, taking the profit accruing from writing up in dollars her store of the metal.

When the eventual devaluation of the £ sterling is brought about, Britain will also write up the gold in the Bank of England and, indeed, has already to all intents and purposes, actually hypothecated

some of the paper profits which will arise therefrom. Bearing these facts in mind, holders of gold mining shares should feel reassured as to the future of the metal.

Lloyds and N.P. Accounts

The outstanding feature of the balance-sheets of Lloyds Bank and the National Provincial Bank is their liquidity. Lloyds Bank figures show a decline of some £17,600,000 in deposits compared with the previous year's swollen total, and there is a shrinkage of some £8,000,000 in advances, and the total of the latter at just under £133,000,000 stands against deposits of £364,553,000 or little more than one-third. Though the cash holding is about £1,000,000 lower, the ratio to deposits is higher than in the previous year by reason of the latter's decline. In the case of Lloyds Bank the shrinkage in profits may be directly traced to the smaller total of advances which have shrunk steadily during the past three years of depressed trading conditions.

In the case of the National Provincial Bank the decline in deposits is just over £3,000,000, but cash is higher by more than this amount, so that the liquid position is almost undesirably strong . . . undesirable in that it shows the poor demands for banking accommodation. Advances are some £10,000,000 lower than in the previous year at £111,817,000 and the total of deposits is £288,239,000. Investments are about £14,000,000 up, but discounts have fallen by nearly £10,000,000 though still showing an increase of about 30 per cent. on the 1931 total.

The Banking Year

If the balance-sheets of the "Big Six" banks at the close of 1933 be analysed it is realised how serious is the decline in the total of advances. Barclays, Lloyds, Martins, Midland, National Provincial and Westminster together had advances of £846,000,000 in 1931. At the close of 1932 the total had shrunk to £722,000,000 as the trade depression tightened its grip. At the end of last year the total had further dwindled to £681,000,000 and this, it is to be hoped, will mark the last annual shrinkage for a while. Meanwhile deposits of the "Big Six," which increased from £1,639,000,000 at December 1931, to £1,859,100,000 at the close of 1932, have declined again to £1,821,600,000 at the end of 1933. This is almost a healthy sign, at any rate more so than the unnatural growth in bank deposits during 1932.

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Broadcasting Notes

"A Hotch-Potch of Mediocrities"

By Alan Howland

UP to the beginning of last week there had been a pleasant lull in the publicity campaign for the glorification of the Director of Variety, but with the appearance of two new radio publications Mr. Maschwitz finds himself once more in the news. One might have imagined that journalistic superlatives had been exhausted on this subject, but someone, has coined the phrase "the Cochran of broadcasting" and we are presumably in for another epidemic of flag-wagging.

In one of his interviews Mr. Maschwitz is stated as claiming the parentage of "Songs from the Shows" and "Music Hall." This was foolish of Mr. Maschwitz since neither of these claims can possibly be substantiated. "Songs from the Shows" were introduced by John Watt under the aegis of Val Gielgud and were themselves only a copy of a type of programme which was popular eight years ago, when R. E. Jeffrev was Productions Director, and "Music Hall" was first presented to the public by John Sharman, while Mr. Maschwitz was still on the "Radio Times."

If last Saturday's "Music Hall" is a typical example, Mr. Maschwitz is welcome to his doubtful claim. I simply cannot believe that Mr. Sharman had anything to do with this hotch-potch of mediocrities. Not only were all the jokes museum pieces when I was a little boy, but some of them were in the worst possible taste. Added to this, at least one of the artists was so bad as to be positively embarrassing.

No Tinkering

Of the appalling gyrations and screechings of the Eight Step Sisters and the lamentable efforts of the Theatre Orchestra to follow Mr. Ernie Mayne in his "patter" song, I cannot bring myself to speak.

I am far from suggesting that programmes of the type of "Music Hall" should be discouraged: on the contrary, I believe them to be an essential part of the broadcasting service, but if they are to be successful, they simply must not be tinkered with by people who are not old enough to know what a real music hall is like.

Mr. Sharman does know what it is like. He has a sound judgment, he knows the artists and they know him, and he has proved conclusively at No. 10 Studio that he is capable of recreating the atmosphere of a real variety show. If he is given a free hand there is no reason why "Music Hall" should not retain its popularity, but if someone less knowledgeable insists on being a second father to his offspring, I cannot but view the future of these programmes with alarm and distrust.

We much regret that in our review of the late Colonel Wilfred Jelf's *Sport in Silhouette*, on January 20th, we referred to Messrs. Constable & Co., as the publishers. The book is published by *Country Life*.

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The Association endeavours generally to co-ordinate the activities of the various societies which are in existence for the benefit of ex-officers and their families.

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